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RELIGIOUS DOUBTS.

Littell's Living Age, No. 150, has, for the Edinburg Review, an exceedingly interesting article on Pascal. We give a part to-day, and hope next week to give another portion which relates more particularly to Pascal. We would take this occasion to say a word for Littell's Living Age, an excellent weekly selection from the periodical literature of the day.

"We confess, then, that it by no means appears to us that a momentary invasion of doubt, or even of scepticism, is inconsistent with a *prevailing* and *habitual* faith, founded on an intelligent conviction of a preponderance of reasons to justify it; though those reasons may be felt to fall far short of absolute demonstration. There may be a profound impression that the reasons which justify habitual belief in any truth established only on moral evidence, or on a calculation of probabilities, are so varied and powerful —so vast in their sum—as to leave, in ordinary moods of mind, no doubt as to the conclusions to which they point, and the practical course of conduct which alone they can justify. And yet it is quite true, that from the infirmities of our nature—from the momentary strength which the most casual circumstances may give to opposing objections—from the depressing influence of sorrow—of a trivial indisposition—of a transient fit of melancholy—of impaired digestion—even of a variation of the weather—(for on all these humiliating conditions does the boasted soundness of human reason depend)—a man shall for an hour or a day really doubt of that of which he never doubted before, and of which he would be ashamed to doubt to-morrow. And especially is this the case in those who, like Pascal, possess exquisite sensibility, or are liable to fits of profound depression. As they look upon truth through the medium of cheerful or gloomy feelings, truth herself varies like a landscape, as seen in a bright sunshine or on a cloudy day. Pascal himself, in those reveries in which he loved to indulge on the mingled "greatness and misery of man," has frequently depicted the dependence of the most powerful mind, even in the bare exercise of its exalted faculties, on the most insignificant circumstances. We have cited, in the early part of this article, one striking passage to this effect. In another place he says. "Place the greatest philosopher in the world on a plank, wider than is absolutely necessary for safety, and yet, if there is a precipice below him, though reason may convince him of his security, his imagination will prevail. There are many who could not even bear the thought of it without paleness and agitation." Another very powerful representation, to the same effect, may be found on the same page, where, after describing a "venerable judge," who may seem "under the control of a pure and dignified wisdom," and enumerating several petty trials "of his exemplary gravity," Pascal declares, that, let any one of these befall him, "and he will engage for the loss of the judge's self-possession."

Nor are the causes which disturb the exercise of the reason merely physical: moral causes are yet more powerful; as we wish, hope, fear, humiliating as the fact is, so do we proceed to judge of evidence. Reason, that vaunted guide of life, nowhere exists as a pure and colorless light, but is perpetually tinctured by the medium through which it passes; it flows in upon us through painted windows. And thus it is, that perhaps scarcely once in ten thousand times, probably never, does man deliver a judgment on evidence simply and absolutely judicial. "The heart," says Pascal, with great truth, "has its reasons, which reason cannot apprehend." "The will," says he, in another place, "is one of the principal instruments of belief; not that it creates belief, but because things are true or false according to the aspect in which we regard them. The will, which is more inclined to one thing than another, turns away the mind from the consideration of those things which it loves not to contemplate; and thus the mind, moving with the will, stops to observe that which it approves, and forms its judgment by what it sees."

Most emphatically is this the case, where the moral state is habitually opposed to the conclusions to which the preponderance of evidence points. This is so notorious, in relation to the fundamental truths of morals and religion, that there are probably few who really disbelieve them, or profess to do so, who (if they examine themselves at all) are not conscious that the "wish is father to the thought." And what is true of habitual states of moral feeling, is also, in proportion, true of more transient states.

Certain, however, it is, that from one or other of the above causes, or from a combination of several, neither has the understanding the absolute dominion in the formation of our judgments, nor does she occupy an "unshaken throne." A seditious rabble of doubts, from time to time, rise to dispute her empire. Even where the mind, in its habitual states, is unconscious of any remaining doubt—where it reposes in a vast preponderance of evidence in favor of this or that conclusion—there may yet be, from one or other of the disturbing causes adverted to, a momentary eclipse of that light in which the soul seemed to dwell; a momentary vibration of that judgment which we so often flattered ourselves was poised forever. Yet this no more argues the want of habitual faith, than the variations of the compass argue the severance of the connexion between the magnet and the pole; or, than the oscillations of the "rocking stone" argue that the solid mass can be heaved from its bed. A child may shake it, but a giant cannot overturn it.

And, as *a matter of fact*, there are, we apprehend, very few who have not been conscious of sudden and almost unaccountable disturbances of the intellectual atmosphere, unaccountable even after the equilibrium has been restored, and the air has again become serene and tranquil. In these momentary fluctuations, whether arising from moral or physical causes, or from causes of both kinds—from nervous depression, or a fit of melancholy, or an attack of pain, or harassing anxieties, or the loss of friends, or their misfortunes and calamities, or signal triumphs of baseness, or signal discomfitures of virtue, or, above all, from conscious neglect of duty—a man shall sometimes feel as if he had lost sight even of those primal truths on which he has been accustomed to gaze as on the stars of the firmament—bright, serene, and unchangeable; even such truth as the existence of God, his paternal government of the world, and the divine origin of Christianity. In these moods, objections which he thought had long since been dead and buried, start again into sudden existence. They do more; like the escaped genius of the *Arabian Nights*, who rises from the little bottle in which he had been imprisoned, in the shape of a thin smoke, which finally assumes gigantic outlines, and towers to the skies, these flimsy objections dilate into monstrous dimensions, and fill the whole sphere of mental vision. The arguments by which we have been accustomed to combat them seem to have vanished, or, if they appear at all, look diminished in force and vividness. If we may pursue the allusion we have just made, we even wonder how such mighty forms should ever have been compressed into so narrow a space. Bunyan tells us, that when his pilgrims, under the perturbation produced by previous terrible visions, turned the perspective glass towards the Celestial City from the summits of the Delectable Mountains, "their hands shook so that they could not steadily look through the" instrument; "yet they *thought* they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place." It is even so with many of the moods in which other "pilgrims" attempt to gaze in the same direction; a deep haze seems to have settled over the golden pinnacles and the "gates of pearl;" they, for a moment, doubt whether what others declare they have seen, and what they flatter themselves they have seen themselves, be anything else than a gorgeous vision in the clouds; and "faith" is no longer "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

As there are probably few who have profoundly investigated the evidences of truth, who have not felt themselves for a moment at least, and sometimes for a yet longer space, as if on the verge of universal scepticism, and about to be driven forth without star or compass, on a boundless ocean of doubt and perplexity, so these states of feeling are peculiarly apt to infest the highest order of minds. For if, on the one hand, these can best discern and estimate the evidence which proves any truth, they, on the other, can see most clearly and feel most strongly the nature and extent of the objections which oppose it; while they are, at the same time, just as liable as the vulgar to the disturbing influences already adverted to. This liability is of course doubled, when its subject, as in the case of Pascal, labors under the disadvantage of a gloomy temperament.

A circumstance which in these coflicts of mind often gives *sceptical* objections an undue advantage, is, that the great truths which it is more especially apt to assail, are generally the result of an accumulation of proof by induction, or are even dependent on quite separate trains of argument. The mind, therefore, cannot comprehend them at a glance, and feel at once their integrated force, but must examine them in detail by successive acts of mind—just as we take the measurement of magnitudes too vast to be seen at once in successive small portions. The existence of God, the moral government of the world, the divine origin of Christianity, are all truths of this stamp. Pascal, in one of his *Pensees* refers to this infirmity of the logical faculties. He justly observes—"To have a series of proofs incessantly before the mind, is beyond our power." *D'en avoir toujours les preuves presentes, c'est trop d'affaire.*

From the inability of the mind to retain in perpetuity, or to comprehend at a glance a long chain of evidence, or the total effect of various lines of argument. Pascal truly observes, that it is not sufficient for the security of our convictions, and their due influence over our belief and practice, that we have proved them once for all by a process of reasoning;—they must be, if possible, tinctured and colored by the imagination, informed and animated by feeling, and rendered vigorous and practical by habit. His words are well worth citing:—"Reason acts slowly, and with so many views upon so many principles which it is necessary should be always present, that it is perpetually dropping asleep, and is lost for want of having all its principles present to it. The affections do not act thus; they act instantaneously, and are always ready for action. It is necessary, therefore, to imbue our faith with feeling, otherwise it will be always vacillating."

It will not, of course, be imagined that, in the observations we have now made, we are disposed to be the *apologists* of scepticism; or even, so far as it is yielded to, of that transient doubt to which we affirm even the most powerful minds are not only liable, but liable in defiance of what are ordinarily their strong convictions. So far as such states of mind are involuntary, and for an instant they often are, (till, in fact, the mind collects itself, and repels them,) they are of course the object not of blame but of pity. So far as they are dependent upon fluctuations of feeling, or upon physical causes which we can at all modify or control, it is our duty to summon the mind to resist the assault, and reflect on the nature of that evidence which has so often appeared to us little less than demonstrative.

We are not, then, the apologists of scepticism, or anything approaching it; we are merely stating a psychological fact, for the proof of which we appeal to the recorded confessions of many great minds, and to the experience of those who have reflected deeply enough on any large and difficult subject, to know what can be said for or against it.

The asserted fact is, that *habitual* belief of the sincerest and strongest character is sometimes checkered with transient fits of doubt and misgiving; and that even where there is no actual *disbelief*—no, not for a moment—the mind may, in some of its moods, form a very diminished estimate of the evidence on which belief is founded, and grievously understate it accordingly. We believe that both these states of mind were occasionally experienced by Pascal—the latter, however, much more frequently than the former; and hence, as we apprehend, are we to account for those passages in which he speaks of the evidence for the existence of a God, or for the truth of Christianity, as less conclusive than he ordinarily believed, or than he has at other times declared them. At such times, the clouds may be supposed to have hung low upon this lofty mind.

So little inconsistent with a *habit* of intelligent faith are such transient invasions of doubt, or such diminished perceptions of the evidence of truth, that it may even be said that it is only those who have in some measure experienced them, who can be said, in the highest sense, to believe at all. He who has never had a doubt, who believes what he believes for reasons which he thinks as irrefragable (if that be possible) as those of a mathematical demonstration, ought not to be said so much to *believe* as to *know*; his belief is to him knowledge, and his mind stands in the same relation to it, however erroneous and absurd that belief may be. It is rather he who believes—not indeed without the exercise of his reason, but without the full satisfaction of his reason—with a knowledge and appreciation of formidable objections—it is this man who may most truly be said intelligently to believe.

While it is true that we are called upon to receive the great truths of theology, whether natural or revealed, or evidence which is less than demonstrative, we are not to forget that no subjects out of the sciences of magnitude and number, admit of any such demonstration. We are required to do no more in religion, than we are in fact necessitated to do in all the affairs of common life—that is, to form our conclusions upon a sincere and diligent investigation of moral evidence. And, after all, such an arrangement is not only in harmonious analogy with all the conditions of our ordinary life, but, if the present world be indeed a state of moral probation—if it be designed to test our diligence and sincerity, to teach us what is so suitable in a finite and created being, a submissive and confiding posture of mind towards the Infinite Creator—such an arrangement is essential to our course of moral discipline and education. If we are required to believe nothing but what it is impossible that we should doubt—that is, nothing but what it would be a contradiction to deny—where would be the proof of our willingness to believe on the bare assurance of wisdom and knowledge superior to our own? Wise men assuredly consider it as a most important element in the education of their own children, not indeed that they should be taught to believe what they are told without any reason, (and if they have been properly trained, a just confidence in the assurances of their superiors in knowledge will on many subjects be reason sufficient,) yet upon evidence far less than demonstration; indeed, upon evidence far less than they will be able to appreciate, when the lapse of a few brief years has transformed them from children into men. We certainly expect that they will believe many things as *facts* which as yet they cannot fully comprehend—nay, which they tell us are, in appearance, paradoxical; and to rest satisfied with the assurance, that it is in vain to attempt to explain the evidence till they get older and wiser. We are accustomed even to augur the worst results as to the future course and conduct of a youth who has not learned to exercise thus much of practical faith, and who flippantly rejects, on the score of *his* not being able to comprehend them, truths of which he yet has greater evidence, though not *direct* evidence, of their being truths, than he has of the contrary. Now, "if we have had earthly fathers, and here given them reverence" after this fashion, and when we have become men have applauded our submission as appropriate to our condition of dependence, "shall we not much rather be subject to the Father of spirits, and live!" If, then, the present be a scene of moral education and discipline, it seems fit in itself that the evidence of the truths we believe should be checkered with difficulties and liable to objections;—not strong enough to force assent, nor so obscure as to elude sincere investigation. God, according to the memorable aphorism of Pascal already cited, has afforded sufficient light to those whose object is to see, and left sufficient obscurity to perplex those who have no such wish. All that seems necessary or reasonable to expect is, that as we are certainly not called upon to believe anything *without* reason, nor without *preponderance* of reason, so the evidence shall be such as our faculties are capable of dealing with; and that the objections shall be only such as equally baffle us upon any other hypothesis, or are insoluble only because they transcend altogether the limits of the human understanding; which last circumstance can be no valid reason, apart from other grounds, either for accepting or rejecting a given dogma. Now, we contend, that it is in this equitable way that God has dealt with us as moral agents, in relation to all the great truths which lie at the basis of religion and morals; and, we may add, in relation to the divine origin of Christianity. The evidence is all of such a *nature* as we are accustomed every day to deal with and to act upon; while the objections are either such as reappear in every other theory, or turn on difficulties absolutely beyond the limits of the human faculties. Take, for example, the principal argument which proves the existence of God; the argument which infers from the traces of intelligent design in the universe, the existence of a wise and powerful author. In applying this principle, man only acts as he acts every day of his life in other cases. He acts on a principle which, if he were to doubt, or even affect to doubt, he would be laughed at by his fellow-men as a ridiculous pedant or a crazy metaphysician.

Whether indications of design, countless as they are inimitable, with which the whole universe is inscribed, are likely to be the result of chance, is a question which turns on principles of evidence with which man is so familiar that he cannot adopt the affirmative without contradicting all his judgments in every other analogous, or similar, or conceivable case. On the other hand, the objections to the conclusion that there is some Eternal Being of illimitable power and wisdom are precisely of the nature we have mentioned. A man makes a difficulty, we will suppose, (as well he may,) of conceiving that which has existed from eternity; but, as something certainly exists now, the denial of the existence of such a Being does not relieve from that difficulty, unless the objector plunges into another equally great—that of supposing it possible for the universe to have sprung into existence without a cause at all. This difficulty, then, is one which reappears under any hypothesis. Again, we will suppose him to make a difficulty of the ideas of self-subsistence, of omnipresence without extension of parts—of power which creates out of nothing, and which acts simply by volition—of a knowledge cognizant of each thing and of all its relations—actual and possible, past, present, and to come—to every other thing, at every point of illimitable space, and in every moment of endless duration. But then these are difficulties, the solution of which clearly transcends the limits of the human understanding; and to deny the doctrines which seem established by evidence which we *can* appreciate, because we cannot solve difficulties which lie altogether beyond our capacities, seems like resolving that nothing shall be true but what we can fully comprehend—a principle again which, in numberless other cases, we neither can nor pretend to act upon.

It is much the same with the evidences of Christianity. Whether a certain amount and complexity of testimony are likely to be false; whether it is likely that not one but a number of men would endure ignominy, persecution, and the last extremities of torture, in support of an unprofitable lie; whether such an original fiction as Christianity—if it be fiction—is likely to have been the production of Galilean peasants; whether anything so sublime was to be expected from fools, or anything so holy from knaves; whether illiterate fraud was likely to be equal to such a wonderful fabrication; whether infinite artifice may be expected from ignorance, or a perfectly natural and successful assumption of truth from imposture;—these and a multitude of the like questions are precisely of the same *nature*, however they may be decided, with those with which the historian and the advocate, judges and courts of law, are every day required to deal. On the other hand, whether miracles have ever been, or are ever likely to be admitted in the administration of the universe, is a question on which it would demand a far more comprehensive knowledge of that administration than we can possibly possess to justify an *a priori* decision. That they are possible is all that is required; and that, no consistent theist can deny. Other difficulties of Christianity, as Bishop Butler has so clearly shown, baffle us on every other hypothesis; they meet us as much in the "constitution of nature," as in the pages of revelation, and cannot consistently be pleaded against Christianity without being equally fatal to Theism.

There are two things, we will venture to say, at which the philosophers of some future age will stand equally astonished; the one is, that any man should have been called upon to believe *any* mystery, whether of philosophy or religion, without a preponderance of evidence of a nature which he can grasp, or on the mere *ipse dixit* of a fallible creature like himself; the other, that where there *is* such evidence, man should reject a mystery, merely because it is one. This last, perhaps, will be regarded as the more astonishing of the two. That man, who lives in a dwelling of clay, and looks out upon the illimitable universe through such tiny windows—who stands, as Pascal sublimely says, between "two infinitudes"—who is absolutely surrounded by mysteries, which he overlooks, only because he is so familiar with them; should doubt a proposition (otherwise well sustained) from its intrinsic difficulty, does not seem very reasonable.—But when we further reflect that that very mind which erects itself into a standard of all things, is, of all things, the most ignorant of that which it ought to know best—itself, and finds there the most inscrutable of all mysteries;—when we reflect that when asked to declare what itself is, it is obliged to confess that it knows nothing about the matter—nothing either of its own essence or its mode of operation—that it is sometimes inclined to think itself material, and sometimes immaterial—that it cannot quite come to a conclusion whether the body really exists or is a phantom, or in what way (if the body really exist) the intimate union between the two is maintained;—when we see it perplexed beyond expression, even to conceive how these phenomena can be reconciled—proclaiming it to be an almost equal contradiction to suppose that matter can think, or the soul be material, or a connexion maintained between two totally different substances, and yet admitting that one of these must be true, though it cannot satisfactorily determine which;—when we reflect on all this, surely we cannot but feel that the spectacle of so ignorant a being refusing to believe a proposition merely *because* it is above its comprehension, is of all paradoxes the most paradoxical, and of all absurdities the most ludicrous.

THE BOND OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

The identity of the Christian character is the great bond of Christian Union. Identity of sentiment and opinion can never be attained. Such are the diversities of external circumstances, of education, of degrees of light and knowledge, that the same truths will always appear differently to different minds. And so long as these unavoidable differences are embodied in creeds and made the fences and ramparts of sects, so long will they keep the Christian world divided.

But as far as men are true Christians, so far are they all alike in moral qualities, and on mutual acquaintance will love and esteem each other. All true Christians venerate in others above every thing else on earth, those moral qualities which they cultivate in themselves; integrity, which may be relied on to the death, and with which you feel yourself forever safe; candour, which will make proper allowances for your weaknesses and your prejudices, and will not use them to crush and ruin you; just appreciation of your virtues, without envy or detraction notwithstanding diversities of sentiments or clashing of interests, delight in whatsoever is pure, lovely and good. These are the qualities of a Christian, and these qualities will draw the heart of every other true Christian, to their possessor. It is the want of these characteristics of true practical religion, of real Christianity, and not wide disagreement of opinion, which is the occasion of strife and war among the followers of Jesus Christ.

They fulfil the great token of discipleship which Christ has left us. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." They are to love each other, not because they belong to the same party, for conspirators may have that ground of attachment, but because there will be in them those amiable qualities pre-eminently which necessarily form a common bond between the truly good.

I allow that the sect which adopts this enlarged, liberal, and Christian principle, does not consult best for its rapid spread and spiritual domination, for it strikes at the very root of sectarianism itself. It forbids the use of the great engine of party, party spirit. It forbids that spirit of exclusion and censoriousness so grateful to the pride of the human heart; for no one condemns another without secretly flattering himself. It forbids the propagation of the sentiments of a party for the sake of its growth. It can grow only with the increase of light, candor, and charity, with a love of the truth for its own sake, and not for the advantages which may be made of it, the benefits of social combination and a fair public standing and reputation. [Burnap's Lectures.

PURITANISM.

Puritanism we all know, and Congregationalism is involved in the censure, has been often spoken of contemptuously. But it was not a thing of nought. In the world's history nothing has ever occured more deeply significant. "We may censure Puritanism," says Thomas Carlyle, "as we please; and no one of us, I suppose but would find it a very rough, defective thing. But we, and all men, may understand that it was a genuine thing; for nature has adopted it, and it has grown, and grows. * * * Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little fact of the sailing of the Mayflower, two hundred years ago, from Delft Haven in Holland! * * * It was properly the beginning of America: there were straggling settlers in America before; some material as of a body was there; but the soul of it was first this. These poor men, driven out of their own country, not able well to live in Holland, determine on settling in the New World. Black, untamed forests are there, and wild savage creatures; but not so cruel as star-chamber hangmen. They thought the earth would yield them food, if they tilled honestly; the everlasting Heaven would stretch, there too, overhead; and they should be left in peace to prepare for Eternity by living well in this world of Time; worshipping in what they thought the true, not the idolatrous way. They clubbed their small means together; hired a ship, the little ship Mayflower, and made ready to set sail. * * * Hah! These men, I think, had a work! The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has fire-arms, warnavies; it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm; it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains;—it is one of the strongest things under this sun at present."

There is much truth in this, oddly and quaintly expressed as it is. Puritanism is a thing significant; in the human annals, as I said, there has been nothing more so. It furnishes the keynote to our whole American history, and under the form of Congregationalism accomplished what is most memorable in that history. In our father-land its real services were great. By the confession of Hume, unfriendly as he was to its memory, and the apologist for arbitrary principles, the "precious spark of liberty had been kindled and was preserved alive by the Puritans; and it was to this sect," he adds, that the "English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution." This is as true of religious as of political freedom. And the same principles triumphed here. [Alvan Lamson.

There is a very pleasing passage in a letter of the Duchess of Somersets', written in the unreserved intimacy of perfect friendship, without the slightest suspicion that it would ever find its way to the press. "'Tis true," she says, "times are changed with us since. No walk was long enough, or exercise painful enough to hurt us as we childishly imagined; yet after a ball, or a masquerade, have we not come home very well contented to pull off our fine clothes, in order to go to rest! Such methinks is the reception we naturally give to the warning of our bodily decays; they serve to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us far more powerfully, than any night's sleep could do. We shall then find no weariness, from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow and crying and pain shall be no more; we shall then without weariness move in our new vehicles, and transport ourselves from one part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fastest horses the distance of a mile. This cheerful prospect enables us to see our strength fail, and await the tokens of an approaching dissolution with a kind of awful pleasure." [The Doctor.

He that thinks *ill*, *prevents* the Tempter and does the Devil's business for him; he that thinks *nothing*, *tempts* the Tempter and offers him possession of an empty room; but he that thinks *religiously*, *defeats* the tempter, and is proof and secure against all his assaults. [Dean Young.

ON THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

This part of our subject, I confess, is surrounded with more difficulties than the other, from the very nature of the case. Because it is more easy to judge of what is true or what is revealed in the language of the Scriptures than to judge of human character and conduct. I confess that it is impossible to judge that we ourselves, much less any other persons whose hearts we do not and cannot know, are true Christians, in a state of salvation and acceptance with God. No one in this life, such I believe to be the design of God, can arrive at a state of perfect assurance. The most that we can do is to entertain a hope, a strong confidence that we are in that state; and that others, of whom we form an opinion, are also. On what is this hope and confidence founded, and on what ought it to be founded? We reply, upon the general tenor of the life and actions. This evidence is, indeed, imperfect, because we cannot see the heart and the motives; but it is the best and only standard we can adopt. A good life, a Christian practice, is the only evidence that man can give or man can require of a Christian character. Our Savior has given us this rule of judging, "By their fruits ye shall know them." We have already seen the creed which it is necessary for a man to adopt in order to be a Christian. We now see what creed is necessary in a practical sense for the same purpose, such a belief as produces a Christian life. When the most simple faith is accompanied with such a life, we cannot withhold the name and character of a Christian. And where this practical character does not exist, no matter how long, or how mysterious the creed, the seal of true discipleship is wanting, and the name and hopes of a Christian are entertained in vain.

But is it not necessary for him to have some experiences to relate to be able to tell when, how and where he became a Christian?

Not in the least. If his life be truly Christian, such experiences are unnecessary. They add nothing of evidence. If the life be not Christian they are certainly deceptive. Nothing is more uncertain, equivocal and suspicious as a test of character than mental exercises. They come and go with health or disease, with excitement or tranquility, with sympathy or solitude. But a patient continuance in well doing, a calm and conscientious discharge of duty, accompanied by that faith in Christ which we have described, concerning these there is less danger of mistaké, and as far as human judgment can go, they leave no doubt. Such is the endless variety of temperament, circumstance, education, that no invariable rule can be laid down for the formation of the Christian character. It is sufficient for us to know when it really exists. The true follower of Christ is not he who believes him to be this, or that in the scale of being who ranges himself under the name of Paul or Apollos, or any peculiar sect, but he who *obeys and imitates him*. Here then is the true criterion. He who obeys and imitates Christ, he is the true Christian.

[Burnap's Lectures.

That state of mind in which we understand feelingly the vanity of human wishes and the instability of earthly joys—that sad wisdom comes to us all in time; but if it came too soon, it would unfit us for the world's business and for the common intercourse of life. When it comes in due season, it fits us for a higher intercourse, and for a happier state of existence. [Southey.

The divine life in the soul is progressive; it gradually advances in perfection and beauty,—goes on from strength to strength,—from one measure of light and sprightliness to another,—and never ceases to grow and improve, until it becomes swallowed up of life eternal. [Monro.

PIETY AT HOME.

The following excellent remarks, part of a sermon by Rev. Wm. G. Swett, are from a pamphlet printed but not published after his death. They are full of life, and of a true religious spirit:

"As a community, we need to be specially cautioned, that our greatest safety lies in our homes, where our sympathies and our duties are, and where our religious duties, surest recognized, may best be performed. The love of home is next to the love of God; it is intimately blended with this, inducing to it; and, as it regards states and individuals, it exerts the most salutary, as it regards the religious community, the most sanctifying, spiritualizing influence.

We will consider then, first, the usefulness of staying at home, and the beauty of fostering piety at home. That man, who has no home, is to be pitied. He who has no affection for the homestead is to be reproved. Those parents, who can neglect home, are to be despised; those children who avoid it, will be ruined. A pleasant home is at once the greatest blessing and safeguard for the child; a cheerless, or a wicked home, at once the greatest curse and exposure. Our home associations are ingrained and will be permanent and our earliest affections will be our last. I can fancy that some friendly hearer is saying to himself, 'this is all very true, but very trite; we all know this.' True, I am aware that you all know it; and I would that your knowledge were reduced to practice. I know, too, that I am placed here not to delve in subtilties, in hopes of dragging to light some dazzling new truth, but to enforce in all sincerity, and with what power I can, the practice of old duties. Looking upon my parishioners in an affectionate spirit of sympathy; upon society at large with friendly interest; upon the times as full of good as of evil; I ask, before every discourse, what sin most needs rebuke; what danger, guard; what inexperience, advice; and what virtue, commendation? Under this last head we range domestic virtue. There seems to be a truant disposition in this community, and especially among the gentlemen; most of the evenings are spent abroad. The social circle, it would seem, is wanting in excitement; or man has so long been accustomed to live, move, and breathe in associations, as to recognize action only in combined action; the individual feels lost, his unaided efforts powerless, and his home dull. I am now speaking of the sad effects resulting from too frequent an absence from the domestic circle, in search of a wider sphere even of usefulness; from our losing a relish for the purest sympathies and sweetest affections of our nature. That man is cruel and unjust, who condemns the partner of his bosom to long hours of solitude, while he seeks excitement in committees, or lyceums, or, yet worse, misspends his hours at the feast or the card-table. Those nations are most respectable, as are those individuals most happy, among whom the pleasures of home are best known and appreciated. It has been said, that the dissipated French are at home, only when abroad; whereas the virtuous Swiss, and the respectable German, reluctantly quit the homestead, and long for their return.

Blessed are they whose pleasures are found by the side of their duties; who are to be found at home, building by their own house. I have spoken of lyceums and their lectures, by no means with disrespect. So far as they take the place of more frivolous amusements; so far as science, or history, or literature, woos us from the maudlin sentiment, and shameless indecency of the modern drama, so far they are doing a good work. But this may be overdone; your children are expectants of knowledge; they may not roam the streets, exposed to all bad influences; most then do they require your kindness, when, from want of it, they are most exposed. Lend them your experience at home; give them a shield in the very word, and build up around your own house a wall of good tastes, and sweet influences. But here the philanthropist puts in a strong plea of disinterestedness, and the placeman talks of public spirit, and the agent tells the need of unceasing vigilance, and a zeal that never tires. But whence this sad necessity?—Why, for the very reason that men do not, will not, 'repair, every one over against his own house.' God and nature divide mankind into fathers, mothers, and children. Sin and passion only, call for travelling agencies, and committees of vigilance; our duty in the former relations complied with, the necessity for the latter will cease.

The duty and beauty of exhibiting piety at home, lead us to the subject of Revivals, or irreligious excitements on religion. The word Revival, tells of growth in grace, and spiritual progress. We are all, I hope, in favor of this. The spirit of benevolence constrained Jesus to weep over the city of Jerusalem, saying, as he looked upon all its wickedness and hardness of heart, 'Oh, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace.' This spirit should preside in every breast. Here we see the well beloved and chosen one of God in tears; and they who love God and their brethren, may now weep, that so many are mistaking their way to those things which belong to their peace. Nehemiah was serving his God when he rebuilt the prostrate defences of Jerusalem, and restored its altars, for this city was their kingdom of Heaven upon earth. We know that our kingdom is and should be within, an abiding kingdom; our soul the temple, our hearts the altars. We must all desire that the indwelling spirit of the Father may descend, and find here a fitting residence. We long, then, for a revival of religion among us; that a deep concern may be felt alike among pastors and their people, for the spread of truth, the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the salvation of souls. Oh, that in answer to our earnest prayers and anxious longing, the Spirit of the Most High God may come down upon us, with an influence like that of the silent sunbeam and the gentle dew of Heaven. Let our hearts be engrossed in the solemn business of religion, and let a calm, subdued, and holy spirit, evidence the presence of the God of Love. We would all rejoice in the good work of grace, that would fill our dwellings with peace, our hearts with joy, and our souls with righteousness. Oh! that the gay, frivolous, the heedless and unthinking, who flutter away the precious season of probation; or the busy worldlings, who weary themselves in very vanity, merged in folly, or burdened with care, and sunk in despondency, would only reflect that the hour draweth nigh, to some how nigh ye know not, when the eye shall loose its brilliancy, the cheek its bloom, the hand its cunning; when earthly pleasures can no longer entrance our senses, nor enchain our desires. Then would they prepare for Heaven, and put a noble courage on, to strengthen them as they tread the paths of righteousness. We would call upon all, the young with their ardor; the aged with their experience; manhood with its vigor; woman with her tenderness; upon all, with single eye looking unto god, to pray, anxiously, that the spirit of truth and holiness, and love, may more abound in our hearts, and be better evidenced in our lives.

And to effect this, let us have an organization; we must make the effort, and God will crown our efforts with success. And in what shall this organization consist? Shall the preacher effect this much desired change? Shall we look to the teachers of our Sunday schools, or church members, to roll away the stone from cold hearts, that their Lord may rise? All this were well; but this will not suffice. We must build around us the wall of faith, even as Nehemiah restored the defences of his beloved Jerusalem, 'every man over against his own house.' When we do this, God will bless us with a true revival, not curse us with dangerous excitement; and here the distinction, we are too prone to lose sight of, between the transient and the permanent, between a true revival, the hope of man, blessed of God, and a spurious revival, resulting from human machinery, and untempered zeal. The former animates us to unwonted effort; the latter, the excitement passing, dispirits, intimidates, and unnerves the soul. The one seeks grace, to support and redeem nature; the other is the child of invention, and seeks to gain Heaven by a Babel of its own erection. The one enrols all mankind for the warfare, and incites every one to build over against his own house, making Christ the corner-stone; the other, developing talent it may be, strengthens itself by combinations, and rears its altars to an unknown God, boasting itself of temporal success. Thus I do solemnly protest against irreligious excitements on religion. The sudden, fitful glow is succeeded by as sudden a chill. The spirit, overtaxed, is paralyzed, and the young convert, with all his vivid conceptions, is doomed to disappointment; what a false zeal has forced to premature luxuriance, dies for want of root; and the last estate of that convert is worse than the first. I object to these excitements, inasmuch as they are apt to degenerate into scenes of fanaticism and wild-fire. Truth springs and grows in the heart, as our verdure in the spring-time. The smile of love from on high touches our hearts, and gratitude brings her offerings in joyful trust, and sanguine hope; the dews of Divine grace descend, and the spirit puts forth its strength, and our lives are crowned with beauty, as our fields with verdure. But, not to overtax your patience, my principal objections to revivals are two; they are irreverent, and border on blasphemy; they are uncharitable, and induce bitterness.

Our churches are, by all denominations, set apart as holy and sacred; not, of course not, in themselves, but as being dedicated to the solemn offices of our faith. When the Lord, by the visible operations of nature, the hail, the lightning, and thunder, seemed to be speaking from the cloud, all the people trembled, and cried to Moses, oh, speak thou with us, but let not God speak with us, lest we die. Thanks be to his mercy, our hearts know no such fear as this; but Christ has opened for us a new and nearer way to a more intimate communion; yet it is the same Lord still; a jealous God, whose majesty knows no abatement, his power no decline. Were angels here to wing their flight, it would be in solemn joy, and the same notes would be struck from their golden harps, as now resound through the high arches of their starry habitations, before the thrice holy Lord God of hosts. 'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him!' The meaning of this is apparent; nothing worldly here; no self-seeking ambition here; no committee appointed here to wander from their own consciousness of weakness, and want, and sinfulness, to watch, with eager gaze, when the terrified and trembling listener may be dragged to the anxious-seat. Oh, what irreverence, what pride, impiety, arrogance, and presumption! And yet not so harsh as this. I much prefer to pity and excuse, by the reflection, oh, what a mistaken sense of duty; what an unfortunate abuse of human sympathy! Poor, mistaken fanatics, they know not what they do; and ignorance is their strongest plea in palliation of their unseemly irreverence. The rash sons of Aaron are by no means the last ministers at the temple who have offered strange fire before the Lord, when he commanded them not. How dare we offer the sacrifice of fools; how dare we be rash with our mouths, or let our hearts be hasty to utter anything before God? When we come into this holy place, it is that you may be blessed, that I may be blessed. The Lord is searching your heart, and my heart. Behold God is in this place; and do not, like the slumbering patriarch, halt on your painful way, all heedless of his presence. Into such presence shall we intrude with empty and unmeaning words, or with rude and violent outcries; or, yet worse, with bitter sneer, and reckless violence, or bitter, unfounded imputations? With our hearts filled with bitterness, do we come to a God of love? With souls full of bigotry and spiritual pride, shall we accompany the Pharisee in his prayer? Because business is stagnant, shall we seek excitement even at the altar, which should never be approached by us but with a feeling of lowly humility? Then we need no longer wonder that our Sabbaths are profitless, our preachers dull, our churches thinned, and our hearts cold.

Again, I object to all this undue excitement, which is nowhere recommended in scripture, which reason rejects, experience condemns, and conscience disavows. I object to it, from the danger it exposes us to, of mistaking wild and fitful impulse for religious principle, and of hoping to gain heaven by violence, by the extravagance of our emotions, or the loudness of our professions. The excited fancies of the dreamer, the dreadful delusions of the fanatic, nay, I might add, the incoherent raving of the maniac, have, at different times, all been mistaken for the workings of the Spirit of the Most High God. Sometimes so intense and dreadful the struggle going on within the startled soul, that the golden cord that binds in harmony the intellectual powers, breaks, at length; and the eye glows with unwonted fire, or settles in the unmeaning gaze of insanity. I would this were poetry, it is sober fact; and yet but half the truth; for all that might be said would only lend horror to our hearts, but add no force to the argument. Is this the balm that yet blossoms in Gilead? the grace that heals? Is this the mercy that will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax?

Again, I object entirely to the use of all this machinery of the craft. Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye? I know that the early Jew worshipped through his ritual, but it was a holy formula, covered by all the hoar-frost of antiquity, that lent it grandeur, and made it venerable. Whereas now, every new teacher brings what the apostle, in bitter truth, calls his new jangling, to beguile, and swell his number of the gaping crowd. One excitement dies out, and a new and bolder performer stirs the flames to a ruddier glow. Is this religious principle? is this solemn reverence? is this following the example of Christ and his apostles? Oh, how different, far; he stopped by the way ***multitude*** his words of pure meek wisdom met the ear, to melt the heart, and wake the conscience, and start the unbidden tear. He told of purity of heart, and the sensualist hid his head; he told of love, and the murderer stole away; he told of God, and they say to him, show us the Father.

And now, to conclude,

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 10, 1847.

OUR SECTARIANISM.

If we understand ourselves, we have very little of a sectarian feeling. Believing our views to be true, we, of course, cannot be honest unless we should rejoice to have all men embrace them. Right views of God—his nature and his government—are of very great importance, and have an influence greater than we sometimes suppose, on our habits of thought and life. The mind and character of a people are deeply affected by what they believe, and just in proportion to the fidelity with which they adhere to their convictions. We have, therefore, no sympathy with those who are constantly crying out, "Life is everything, belief nothing." What is a religious life, unless it be fidelity to our religious convictions? But what are our religious convictions? Must they not rest on our views of God and his moral government,—on what we believe respecting him? And so far, is not our religious belief the source of our religious life?

Still, there are good men in all religious denominations. This we joyfully admit. There is a faith which lies underneath all sectarian distinctions—a faith in God and the great principles of his moral government, which in pure and truthful souls has a controlling influence over the hearts and lives of those, who have a sort of superficial belief in the doctrines which are at variance with these fundamental principles. The voice of God within is mightier with them than the rules of sectarian discipline without. Their hearts are right, because their first principles of faith are right. But once let the doctrines of a false Theology gain entire possession of them, to the exclusion of these first great principles of religious truth, as, for example the paternal love and goodness and mercy of God; and just in proportion as they are faithful to their convictions, will they be uncharitable in their lives, and formal in their worship.

Take the extreme doctrines of Calvinism. A man may be so brought up in them as passively to receive them all and never question the fact of man's total and original depravity, or of God's unconditional predestination. He may repeat the articles of the creed and acquiesce in them as truth. At the same time, far below all these he has faith in God, his infinite goodness and mercy; he believes in him and prays to him as a God of holiness and love—this faith is the centre of his religious life—its essential and controlling principle—to which everything else is referred as inferior and subordinate. As to these formal statements of doctrine—total depravity and predestination—he does not trouble himself about them. They hold only a secondary place. He knows in whom he has believed—a God infinitely wise and pure and kind—and he knows that whatever these doctrines are, they cannot interfere with those essential attributes of the Almighty, or come between him and his Father. Hence they have almost no practical influence over him. In short, he does not really believe them.

But another man takes them as his creed, till they become to him the living exponents of his faith. They are the fundamental articles of his belief. They are to him the only true exposition of the divine nature and character. Such as they declare him to be, such is God to him. Within this theological creed, his religious life is bound up. His sympathies and his affections are limited by it. Just in proportion as he is true to his convictions, will his religious life be restrained by them, and the most lovely and endearing attributes of God as shown to us in Christ are lost in their influence on him.

Now a third person may like the first have the deeper and more vital faith of which we have spoken. He may also believe in these theological dogmas. And as he would be faithful in all things, he would be faithful alike to both. But here is a conflict. They do not harmonise with each other. They draw him different ways. They teach his heart duties and feelings inconsistent with each other, and reveal to his intellect doctrines or facts inconsistent with each other. Yet he has been educated to receive both as true. This is the religious condition of thousands, and it is one of extreme distress. Some, feeling themselves involved in inextricable difficulties, break boldly away from Christianity itself as a tangible web of inextricable inconsistencies. Some weep over these difficulties as if they proceeded from something wrong in themselves, and endeavor to stifle reason as a rebellious and yet unsubdued part of man's unregenerate nature. Others try to silence their scruples by repeating the word, mystery, mystery. Others again see that these dogmas make no part of Christianity;—that they are only incongruous materials which man has added to its simple and majestic structure. They, therefore, throw them off and live in the free and vital elements of religious faith as they find them in the life and words of Jesus. And feeling how great and joyous has been their deliverence, is it strange that they should wish others to enjoy the same liberty, that they should be earnest to spread the same glad tidings abroad?

This is our position. Shall we be idle or indifferent? Is not our faith the source of our religious life? Would we not labor to free the world from the false doctrines which have marred its simplicity and weakened its power?

For the Register.

EMPTY PEWS IN THE AFTERNOON.

"When I settled, it was to preach to the people and not to empty pews,"

Was the recent emphatic remark of one of our most gifted preachers, when addressing his congregation and I marvel much at the remark from him inasmuch as he stands pre-eminent among the clergy.

But this by way of introduction only; for I have an object in view in bringing before your readers another clergyman, who not in the same words, but to the same import reminds his hearers it is unpleasant at least to preach to empty pews.

Now why are the pews empty, as they in fact are, every Sunday afternoon? Although it is generally conceded that but one or two Unitarian Churches in the city are better attended in the morning service than this. Why is it, it is asked by some who occasionally visit this Church, that your people do not appreciate more the preaching you have? The mystery is readily solved, and an answer easily given. The fault is in the clergyman, and he will look in vain for many of his Society on Sabbath afternoons, if he is in the constant habit of preaching Sunday after Sunday Sermons that have been twice or thrice repeated—or even with a new text, or a new introduction he is to regale his hearers from a few sheets of blue and white and yellow paper—the scattered leaves of many old discourses. Another fault with some clergymen is the careless manner of their notes, being written on separate pieces, some whole sheets, some half sheets and many less pieces of paper and so disarranged that it not unfrequently happens that they are turned over and over again to find the connecting link in the chain of his discourse. Whereas every minister who preaches a written Sermon should have it so arranged and fastened together that he never would be at a loss in delivering it.

Clergymen should give more heed to their chirography, at least so much so that they can read their own hand writing. What is more unpleasant or more painful to many persons than to have their minister stop short in the midst of his discourse and unable to proceed for sometime owing entirely to his being unable to decipher his own writing. This can and should be remedied and all who feel these remarks as applicable to themselves should set their minds upon them and so improve, that their hearers will not absent themselves from Church quite so much as they now do, and the preacher will have no occasion to say he preaches to empty pews.

AN ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER.

There is some truth in what is said above; but it is not the whole truth. There are large classes of men among us who never attend Church in the afternoon let who will preach, and who would feel it a grievance to have a minister so eloquent as to oblige them to attend all day. If they should go, the Sunday's dinner would weigh heavily on the afternoon preaching, more so than the bad hand-writing of the preacher. The fault is on both sides. If there is such a thing as drowsy preaching, there is also such a thing as fashionable religion. There are worldly men who would keep up the appearance of religion at the least possible expense; and indifferent men, who find it hard to keep awake half the day; and indolent men, and those who love to be with their families. Alas! there are more of these than of sincere worshippers, and they are all glad to have an excuse for absence from Church. And there are sometimes home duties and family cares or a conviction that one Sermon in the week is enough. We should be slow to condemn. Let each man judge for himself.

DISCREPANCIES IN THE SCRIPTURES.

In our last week's paper we stated that we believed the number of real discrepancies in the New Testament has been greatly exaggerated by some writers among us. In illustration of this we compared the different accounts of the Resurrection. Our attention is again called to the subject by an article in the Christian World from a writer, J. F. C., who seldom makes an assertion which he cannot prove. We state the subject in his own strong words.

Acts ix: 7, expressly declares that "the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, *hearing a voice*, but seeing no man."

Acts xxii: 9, expressly declares that "they that were with me saw indeed the light and were afraid; but *they heard not the voice* of him that spake to me.

Now it is absolutely necessary, on the grounds of the Orthodox view of inspiration, that the text which says *they heard the voice*, and the text which says *they did not hear the voice*, should be made to say the same thing. This is the task which Orthodox commentators have to perform, when they reach this text. How do they do it?

They look in their dictionaries for the meaning of the word translated voice, and find it sometimes means *sound*. So they say that in the first text it means that *they heard a sound*—but no distinct words. Then in the other place they translate it *voice*, and then say that to hear the voice was to hear what the voice said. So the contradiction vanishes under the pressure of this powerful exegesis. The apostles heard a sound, and it was the sound of a voice, but what the voice *said* they did not hear.

So when Paul says of his companions that "they heard not the voice of him that spake to me," he meant that they *did* hear the voice of him that spake, but did not know what was said. Such a system of interpreting language could of course explain away any thing out of the Bible, or explain any thing into it. To *hear a voice* means *not to hear a voice*.

These two passages are both from the Acts. In the outset it would seem very improbable that so intelligent a writer as Luke, should give, in the words of St. Paul, an account of an important event which absolutely contradicted the account which he had previously given of the same event. We do not say that this is impossible; but only that it is very improbable. If, therefore, without any harsh straining, the language admits of an interpretation which does not involve any such contradiction, we are bound to adopt it. We believe that it does admit of such an interpretation.

The verb translated *to hear* sometimes means to *understand* and sometimes it means simply *to hear*. For instance, Mark iv; 33. "And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to *hear* it." Certainly they were able to *hear*, though not to *understand*. Mark vii; 18. "And having ears, hear ye not?" They *heard* certainly, but did not *understand*. Matt. xiii; 13, "And hearing, they hear not." In this instance the two meanings are used in different clauses of the same sentence. But will J. F. C. say that our Savior has here uttered a contradiction? The passage, however, which seems to us most decisive is in 1 Cor. xiv; 2. "For he that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God; for no man *understandeth* him." It is the same word, (to hear) which is in this place translated "*understandeth*" The literal translation is, "For no man *heareth* him;" yet certainly he does *hear* the confused sound. Now, is it at all improbable that St. Paul, in addressing the Jews (Acts xxii.,) should use this *same word* in precisely the *same sense* in which he certainly does use it here when writing to the Corinthians? Nothing could be more natural. Luke in his account in the 9th chapter used the word in its primitive meaning *to hear* and in the 22d chapter quotes St. Paul as using it in another but not very uncommon sense. In the one case "they heard the voice," in the other, "they did not understand the voice."

Even our English language admits of something analogous to this. Two men sitting at a window, half a mile from a great political gathering, hear the speaker though they cannot understand what he says. A third person coming up, asks with surprise, "what, could you hear him!" "Yes," they reply, "and he was heard at even a greater distance than this." But the next day a friend, who had been out of town and did not know where they were during the speech, asks if they heard Mr. Webster. "No," they reply, "we were not present at the meeting." Now suppose that we knew nothing of the circumstances under which these different answers were given, we should say, "here is a flat contradiction," while it is only an instance of the different meanings which naturally belong to the same language, according to the different circumstances under which it is used. This is a consideration which ought to have great weight with us in the interpretation we put on different accounts of what purport to be the same events. Let us remember, that with the same men in reference to the same speech, the words "we did hear him" and "we did not hear him," though they are not, (as J. F. C. would say they must be) "made to say the same thing," do nevertheless say *two* things perfectly in harmony with each other and with the facts of the case. We are a little surprised that so clear and logical a writer as J. F. C., should make so gross a mistake as he does in the sentence here referred to, the third, which is quoted from him at the beginning of this article. The two texts, *they heard the voice*, and *they did not hear the voice*, are not either on the Orthodox interpretation or our own, "made to say the same thing," but to show the same thing under different aspects, just as is the case with the two sentences which we have quoted above.

We thank the writer of the following article. Perhaps he has taken a little too seriously what was said only in sport by the friend who has charge of the *Intelligence* department of our paper. As the offence in the Register was a slight one, any harm whatever it may have done, will be more than made up to our readers by the article which it has called out.

For the Register.

THE LEVERRIER DISAPPOINTMENT.

I was sorry that the Register felt bound to join in the trains of remark which one occasionally hears in conversation, which ridicule the calculations of Leverrier, as if they were unworthy and paltry. Professor Pierce, on the other hand, who first pointed out in this country the fact that the planet discovered at Berlin, did not account for the perturbations of Uranus on Leverrier's theory, says, distinctly, in announcing his own calculations, that he is ready "to unite with the whole world in doing homage to Leverrier as the first geometer of the age."

May it not prove that Mr. Pierce's recondite and beautiful calculations in this case shall add to, rather than detract from the power of the "fine rhetoric and sublime speculations" which have been lavished on the beautiful discovery of the unseen planet. The effort of Leverrier *will prove* a constant symbol of the duty of man to argue from the seen to the unseen. The great genius of Leverrier *will show* always the greatness of Arago's foresight, when he called him out to be a star in the scientific parliament of France,—from the unknown void around that parliament. And again,—it *will* always be true that the study of the perturbations of the solar system *have* resulted in the discovery of the new planet in the solar system. So that there need not be word or letter changed of the rhetoric or speculations of the speeches or sermons which have rested on these three positions.

How has Leverrier failed?—He has failed to describe the orbit of the planet whose existence he conjectured. And although for a certain night, he described its place so accurately that the Berlin observers "sweeping" around that place, discovered it by "*a happy accident*,"—he could not form his calculation, define its position more accurately,—or tell where it will be many years hence,—or where it was many years ago.

Now how does this failure affect the rhetoric and speculations? Leverrier's calculations are as grand as they would have been if fifty planets had been discovered by them. For the error is not an error within his reach,—or in what he pretended to do. His work is well done, and may stand forever as the symbol of faithful duty; of lofty genius; of bold conception. He did "the best his circumstances allowed,—did well, did nobly, angels could do no more."

The planet does not answer his full hopes, however. That is true. And that very fact gives a new figure for rhetoric and speculation. What is the reason that it does not answer his full hopes? Because, says Mr. Pierce, it does not obey the law of Bode. Because, says St. Paul, one star differs from another in glory,—revolving in its own orbit, at its own distance,—and yielding its own homage to its Maker.

If Mr. Pierce's bold and probable suggestion —of "a mean motion equal to half that of Uranus" prove true, if the new star differs thus in its glory from its sisters,—Mr. Pierce will be able by his grasping control of the calculus to assist rhetoric and speculation to a new symbol of man's "*reserved power*," or we shall see science rising from what the hasty world calls failure, to force from it the acknowledgement of success.

Or if it prove that yet another planet, revolving outside of Uranus, have joined with this in producing the perturbations on which rhetoric and speculation have commented, there will be a grander religious lesson yet.

Leverrier calculated the relative positions of the sun, Uranus, and his imagined planet. "Why," says the criticizing world coolly, "could he not calculate the positions of *two* imagined planets? Why not calculate the movements of all four bodies, the Sun, Uranus, and *two* unknown?"

Why! but because there is the very point where science stops gracefully, and own her want of power. Beyond that very point the mathematicians have always known they could not go. They have shown their greatness always by stating in that very place the exact measure of their power. Clairaut, La Place, Leverrier must all have owned it. These priests of truth have always been candid in stating these limits as the compass of their arts. And while all men who understood the calculus, have known that the problem of three bodies, relative motion was within the flight of calculus,—they have known that the problem of four bodies was without its flight. There these true men of Science have bowed gracefully and reverently, and owned that in the mortal body their genius would carry them no farther.

Has no mathematician ever said to you, Mr. Editor,—have you never said to yourself, that the finest conception which we can form of the difference between limited and enlarged power, is given us by this inability of the highest calculus, so well kown and so gracefully owned? I know faithful, religious men, who would say to you that nothing gives them a clearer conception of God's intention of enlarging human power in another life, without changing man's identity,—than does the thought of these soluble mathematical problems, — which, though we know they are soluble, are to men impossible. Speak to such men of heaven's enlargement of earth's powers,—and they will answer you faithfully and truly. "Yes! in heaven we can solve problems, which here we can conceive of,—but, in our weakness, are compelled to leave undone." To such men the solution of the problem of *four* bodies involves considerations more noble and sacred than any question of idle, ignorant curiosity.

Why, then, did Leverrier stop—without calculating the notion of *two* imagined planets! Because he was a man. Because he knew one of the limits of man's power. He stopped on the outer limit of mortal mathematical power. He stopped at the point which separates men from the angels! at the point which separates life from Eternity!

H.

Worcester, March 29, 1847.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—A CELEBRATION.

Most of our Sunday Schools out of our cities and large towns are closed for a few months during the winter season. The time is near at hand when they will be re-opened,—and, as the last year was one of general prosperity and success within the boundaries of these "our little spiritual palaces,"—so we are prepared to express the confident expectation and hope, that in the coming season they will be commenced at an earlier period than usual, and conducted with more than a usual amount of earnestness, talent, religious interest, and success.

The note of preparation is already heard. Some of our Sunday Schools have thus early held their annual meetings for re-organization, and others have observed, with appropriate services, their customary Anniversaries. Others of a like kind, in the city and out of it, we re held on Fast Day afternoon.

On Sunday evening last, we attended the *Twentieth* Anniversary of the Twelfth Congregational Sunday School at their Vestry in Chambers Street, which was thronged, and from which, for want of room, many were obliged to retire. All the arrangements for the occasion were quite unstudied. It was entirely social and pleasant in its character, but the great purposes of the Sunday School, and the great truths by which children are to be sanctified and saved, were never brought home with greater power or more happily or successfully illustrated. The Address to the children of the School, about 140 being present, by Mr. W. Alger of the Senior Class of the Divinity School, Cambridge, was an effort of unsurpassed beauty and effect. The style was most captivating to the young, conveying truths to those who heard it which they will long remember. The Address to the Teachers, by Rev. Mr. Winckley of the Pitts Street Chapel, was earnest, practical and eloquent. Rev. A. B. Fuller, as requested, addressed himself both to the children and parents, between whom there is such a near and tender tie, and now by smiles, and now by tears, impressed upon both those lessons of sacred truth which they will long desire to recall, and by which hereafter they will study to guide their lives. Rev. Mr. Bartol, as a representative of a Sister Church followed, and gave to parents, teachers and children, a few lessons of the deepest import, which, as a string of pearls, were hung upon a series of Scriptural texts, singularly appropriate and instructive. Rev. Mr. Gray, of the Bulfinch Street Church, closed with a few remarks to the children, which riveted their attention by their local allusions, and brought tears from many eyes. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Pastor, Rev. Samuel Barrett, and the hymns were sung by the children.

Such an occasion cannot fail to give a new meaning and impulse to the cause of Christian education, among all those who witnessed this scene. Every one, at the conclusion was ready to say, "It is good for me to be here." Fashionable teachers, if any such there are, will no longer come for the fashion's sake; intellectual teachers will seek henceforth for a deeper piety, that their lessons may produce a more permanent and salutary effect,—and teachers of true and deep religious feeling will take new courage, and go forward more earnestly than ever in their weekly and sacred labors. Parents will have learnt many new lessons to quicken and guide them "to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,"—and children new stimulants and new motives to strife after virtue, knowledge and piety.

L.

For the Register.

THE RABBINICAL WRITINGS.

NO. IV.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

The Rabbins are more particular in describing the heavenly archetypes of those things, for which they had the greatest reverence and affection on earth, and on which they delighted to dwell, such as Jerusalem, the temple, and the sacred objects which it contained, the Sanhedrim, and the various schools and academies, over which some celebrated master of Jewish learning presided. Each of these was supposed to have a corresponding spiritual existence in the world above. Jerusalem, the holy city, with the many things which it contained, was the object that lay deepest in the affection of the Jew. Right over it in the heavens, at the distance of eighteen miles, was that celestial city, after the pattern of which the earthly one had been formed. Surrounded by walls of wonderful beauty and strength, and occupying a space ninety times as great as their representative below, it was regarded as the peculiar abode of the Supreme, into which the souls of the just were allowed to enter, and through its temple to gaze with unutterable delight on the Divine Person. Seven bands of ministering angels guarded its walls, and at each gate a company was stationed to prevent anything impure from entering the sacred precints. Those gates through which the souls of the just were allowed to pass, were named the gates of justice. A more minute account of the form, the size, and the beauty of this heavenly city, is given in the 21st chapter of Revelations, than is found in the Rabbinical writings. Under the image of the descent from heaven of this holy city, the immediate abode of God, and of all just men, into which nothing impure was ever suffered to enter, the author of that book has in the most striking manner, represented the final triumph of true Christianity in the world.

These views of the Heavenly Jerusalem are supported by numerous quotations from the Scriptures, quotations which have no reference to the subject, and which could never be applied to it, were it not for that oral law, or secret interpretation, which we described in a former paper. For instance, the Rabbins say that Melchisedek, king of Salem, means the spiritual Jerusalem. By this strange perversion of common sense, any passage of Scripture may be made to mean anything which the taste, the caprice, the interest, or the prejudice of the interpreter may please to put upon it. But once acknowledge the principle of a double sense in the sacred writings, and, whether you call the new meaning the spiritual, the secret, the mystical, or the cabalistic, you open the flood gates to the imagination, remove the land marks of religious truth, and cast the human mind forth upon the wild sea of opposing theories, to be driven by the waves of conflicting opinions to every point of the compass and finally wrecked on the quicksands of unbelief. The mind may at first be satisfied with the two senses of Swedenborg, but we have misinterpreted the facts of history and of human nature, if it will not, in the process of time, require the seventy two senses of the Rabbins, and finally end in rejecting the *single* sense which common sense, reason, and the wisdom of ages have assigned to the sacred writings.

The following curious story of David's ascending to the heavenly Jerusalem after his death, is told by Rabbi Reuben. The angels, who guarded the gates refused to admit him, and he was compelled to remain without the city until Solomon had finished the temple. The very day on which the temple was completed, God, having commanded Michael and two of the other archangels to take under their especial guardianship the Israelites, who had been employed on the building, sent the former to conduct the anointed David through the gates of the heavenly city, and to introduce him to the society of the patriarchs.

Aided by the cabalistic interpretation, the Rabbins find a full description of this spiritual city in the 48th chapter of Ezekiel. They also assert that the same angels that guarded its walls, watched over and defended the Jerusalem below. One Rabbi affirms that God took an oath not to enter the holy city, until the Israelites should enter its counterpart below. As is always the case where fiction takes the place of fact, and the imagination assumes the office of reason, varying accounts of the celestial world are given by different teachers. A widely different origin has been ascribed to the heavenly city. Instead of serving as the *pattern*, some contend that it was but a *copy* of the lower city. "God," is in substance the remark of a Rabbi of this party, "had so strong an affection for the lower Jerusalem, that he built an exact copy of it in the heavens." This opinion is likewise supported by numerous quotations from the Scriptures, interpreted, of course, to suit the object of the writer.

N. H. M.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. DR. SPRING.

Prominent among the Presbyterian ministers of this city, is Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., the pastor of the Brick Church in Beekman street. It is a fact quite remarkable in this region, that this gentleman has occupied his present post some thirty-four years, while all around him changes have been constantly occurring, and some of the churches have changed their pastor many times. This instance of stability in the pastoral relation has afforded a rare opportunity to the minister to impress the system which he has taught upon the minds of his people.

The ministrations of Dr. Spring are attended by a large, wealthy, and intelligent congregation embracing many of our old and substantial families. The order and attention to the services of his people would attract the attention of a stranger, and strike his mind favorably. The personal appearance of the Dr., a matter of considerable importance, is much in his favor. His voice is full, mellow and distinct, though monotonous and therefore somewhat tiresome, but his discourses are delivered with an air of seriousness and sincerity which gain a serious and satisfied attention. His education, like that of most Presbyterian clergymen of his age is rather exclusively theological, and can hardly without a violent use of the term be denominated *liberal*. His range of inquiry and of thought has never extended into those wide fields of general knowledge which should be familiarly known to every religious and moral instruction, but for which there can be little taste in a mind that has long been content to draw its stores from Calvin, Turretin and Pritet, or that has received its habits of research in merely theological schools.

It is evident that Dr. Spring expends a good deal of time and care upon his sermons, and the style is elaborately smooth and artificial. But he is seldom forceful in his statement or illustration of subjects.

A ministry so protracted as Dr. Spring's has been, and performed with all the advantages he has enjoyed, may fairly be presumed to have made a distinct impression upon and transferred its peculiar moral features to the mind of his people. It is not easy, to be sure, in a city as in a country congregation, to make a distinct impression upon the people, or to ascertain it at the end of any given period. There are so many strong and conflicting agencies at work. But even here the adage "like priest like people," is not wholly unmeaning; and in spite of manifold counteractive influences, Dr. S. must have succeeded in fastening the lineaments of his system as diligently preached for thirty four or five years, upon the minds and manners of his people. And I think any one acquainted with his flock, would admit,

1st, It is not remarkable for those affectionate views of the divine character which the Bible seems to inculcate, and in the belief of which the heart of man finds its true and only repose. The God preached and believed in here is not a loving god, except towards that small rainbow called the elect. He is a harsh, stern, inexorable sovereign, with no pity towards creatures except what is bought and paid for in a method and at a price which shocks our moral sensibilities, and not a being analogous to ourselves who thinks and feels in some sort as we do, and is capable of fellowship, communion and dear familiarity.—What must be the priest, says Junius, when a monkey is the god?. What I ask, must be the people where the god is austere, hard, unfeeling far distant, cold, pitiless! As Herder well expresses it, the god of the Bible is quite a different conception. He comes down to men and mingles with them in their pleasures, their business, their most inward griefs and joys! and all the riches of eastern imagery are employed to give force and fulness to their view of his character.—Among the patriarch herdsmen he is a herdsman in the heavens calling out the stars by name as sheep and feeding them as sheep upon the azure field of the sky. In the shepherd's tent he was a shepherd, at the domestic festival he was a guest, in the family circle he was a father, and to all their best friend. Such a god we need in all our walks and in all our congregations, and it is the great business of the ministry to bring his character forth in all its loveliness to the people. I have not found this affectionate Father and Friend under the teachings of Dr Spring, and I should be happy to believe that his people have been more fortunate

2d. I have my doubts whether Dr Spring's people have acquired very symmetical views of the obligations of the 2d table of the law. For instance I think the moral sense of people instructed as they have been, might be more tolerant of a bad life than of an anti-Calvinstic sentiment that while they would cast out a man for a single violation of the law of temperance they would tolerate a life-long violation of the law of charity and permit members to live in known coveteousness, extortion, oppression of the poor, and all sorts of shaving operations to acquire wealth—that it would be thought an excellent charity to pay a premium for a tract against dancing while the same individual was known in wall street as that virtuous thing called a "*shark*," accumulating riches by man s which the lowest dancing girl would scorn to use.

But I must reserve to another letter what remains to be said. Yours truly,

CRITO.

New York, April 5th, 1847.

For the Register.

CLOSE OF MR. BABCOCK'S MISSION IN PROVIDENCE.

Rev. Wm. G. Babcock ended his labors on Sunday, March 28th, as Minister at Large in Providence, after filling the station nearly three years.

The exercises of the last Chapel-meetings, were characterised by peculiar earnestness and solemnity. An unusual number thronged the Chapel, and it seemed to be a season of revived interest and new hopes, as well as of tender regrets at the partings of the hour.

The children of the Sunday School devoted the amount of various little sums, collected by themselves, to the purchase of an elegant octavo Bible for Mr. Babcock, which was handed him by a little girl in school, accompanied by a pretty address, and a letter containing the names of the children who had participated in making the gift.

Mr. Babcock told them that the present was unexpected, but not the less acceptable, and with thanks assured them that he would always keep it as an appropriate and beautiful memorial of their gratitude and love.

It was reserved for that moment to witness how a course of gentleness and kindness can win the susceptible and trusting hearts of children and awaken feelings of permanent endearment. It was touching to see them gather around him who had been their pastor, and who from Sunday to Sunday had welcomed them always with a smile and a kind word; and as one by one they pressed his hand, the choking sobs of some attested the keen sense of loss which they felt.

To the teachers and friends of the Chapel, he said that as it was the text of his evening discourse, so he wished to leave it with them as their motto—"BE FAITHFUL"! Faithful in constant and earnest co-operation in support of the ministry, faithful to their duties as Sunday School Teachers, faithful everywhere and always. And though he was about to leave them, he was glad that it was in the midst of prosperity and success. A strong band of interested teachers, a goodly number of children in the school, a small but probably permanent Church gathered, a handsome and convenient Chapel in which to meet, and pleasant and profitable associations growing up, both of sentiment and feeling, for benevolent action. He was glad that God had led him to so pleasant a field, and had permitted him to labor with those who were trying to do good in that humble Christian way. He had derived aid from the connexion which would be useful to him through life, and which would be valued always. Remembering the ignorance and misery around us—the multitudes of the poor and forlorn, who never know pious human sympathy, and in whose hearts never burns the flame of Christian life, it should be the aim and earnest purpose of all who have received liberally of the favor of heaven, to do what they can in the work of charity and love.

The teachers contributed $30 for Mr. Babcock for the purchase of books as a token of friendly regard, and a tribute to his fidelity, with a letter signed by each.

A. J. J.

We very cheerfully insert the following notice, and hope that some of our good friends may effectually regard it.

For the Register.

SOCIETY IN STANDISH.

MR. EDITOR,—The ladies connected with the Unitarian Society in Standish propose to hold a Fair and Tea Party sometime in the month of June next. The proceeds to be devoted to the support of Unitarian preaching in this town. Any persons who may be disposed to contribute articles for the Sale, may be assured that their donations will be most gratefully received, and that they are conferring a great favor upon a *small* but struggling Society.

Articles left at the Bookstore of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols any time before the close of the Anniversaries will be safely forwarded to the Ladies of the Society.

S. J. G.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIPTURE PROOFS OF UNITARIANISM. By John Wilson.

We have already more than once spoken of this thorough, elaborate and complete work. As a repository of all that is to be found in the Scriptures relating to the Trinity, it is the most valuable book that we have,—the book that we should most readily put into the hands of common intelligent readers, who are desirous of studying the subject carefully. It must be a treasure to Unitarians in insulated situations, who are liable to be often assailed as holding unscriptural opinions. It must also be a very convenient book of reference for all clergymen. We would particularly recommend it to Trinitarian ministers and others who may wish to have, in the cheapest and most accessible form, the views and criticisms of prominent Unitarians on the points which divide the Orthodox from us. It is a handsome octavo volume, of about 350 pages, printed in England, and sold here at the very low rate of $1 50 per copy, or ten copies for twelve dollars. An edition of a considerable part of the work has been published by the New York Unitarian Association, which is sold at twenty five cents a copy. The publishing committee there probably were not aware that Mr. Wilson is now a resident in this country and has quite a large number of copies still on his hands. We do not think, however, that the New York edition, which comprises only a part of the work, will interfere with the sale of the entire volume, which is now offered at so low a price. The cheaper edition will probably go almost entirely to those whom the larger book would never have reached.

SHELLS FROM THE STRAND OF THE SEA OF GENIUS. By Harriet Farley.

This volume is composed of little pieces, highly creditable to the writer, who is understood to have written most of them while an operative in a factory at Lowell. Coming from such a source it is worth having as showing what may be accomplished under such circumstances. It does not claim to take its place among works of genius, but only to gather shells from the shore of that sea on which the writer feels that she is forbidden to embark, though she is evidently refreshed by the pleasant summer gales that blow from it.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCHES OF NEW YORK. By Rev. J. Greenleaf.

This must be a very convenient book of reference for those who would know about the New York Churches. It seems to be written with care and candor.

GRADUAL LESSONS IN GRAMMAR. By David B. Tower.

This Grammar, we are informed, has been adopted in the public schools of Charlestown by a vote of the school committee. It seems to be marked by that simplicity which is so great a recommendation to a school book. It teaches almost entirely by examples.

YOUNG AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE.

We give a hearty welcome to the second number of this cheap and promising Monthly, which is made up mostly of selections from our best writers.

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. HOWITT'S MAGAZINE.

These two magazines, both conducted with spirit and ability, have yet a painful story connected with them. The People's Journal was established by John Saunders. Mary and William Howitt engaged very heartily in it as contributors and assistants, and after a time, at their earnest solicitation, Mr. Howitt was received as a partner in the concern. But soon becoming dissatisfied, he sought to gain the whole control of the concern, and, not succeeding in this, he withdrew from it entirely, and established for himself a journal of precisely the same character, although one of the articles of agreement on taking part in the People's Journal was, that the partner retiring from the firm, should "not be concerned in the publication of any work of the same name, size and price for the space of two years." The above is a general statement of such facts in the case as seem to be agreed upon by both parties, and if this were all, no very serious blame would rest on either party.

But on establishing his Magazine, Mr. Howitt issued a Circular, not distinguished for its modesty or any other Christian graces, bringing heavy charges against Mr. Saunders, and foolishly closing with the following assertion; "Having stated these facts, nothing will induce me further to allude to them."

This circular is reviewed by Mr. Saunders, who shows beyond all question that it is full of exaggeration and misstatements. To this Mr. Howitt, notwithstanding his assertion that "nothing would induce him further to allude to them," published an angry pamphlet, which, we must say, does nothing to sustain most of the positions in his Circular, which Mr. Saunders had assailed as erroneous if not false. We think, however, that he does show that the business matters of the People's Journal were conducted in a manner so loose and careless, that a prudent man would hardly wish to continue a member of the firm. But the spirit of his pamphlet is of the worst possible kind, and leaves on our mind the sorrowful impression, that he must be a sordid, grasping, overbearing, ill-tempered man. And even the gentle Mary whose name we have so loved to associate with the tender and beautiful images of her poetry, does not here appear to advantage. We must love her still, though Mr. Howitt has alone enough to dissolve any charm less endearing than that which connects us with her through her works. But how could she make such false pretences to withdraw two articles from the People's Journal?

DISCOURSES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER, By Rev. Jason Whitman.

A small volume of good, practical discourses on the Lord's Prayer, the devotional habits of the Savior, the duty and privilege of prayer, the helps and hindrances to prayer and family prayer, with excellent teachings and suggestions on all these subjects. As a specimen we give a single extract from the sermon on the text, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

"This petition looks at a higher state of religious improvement, at greater advancement in the divine life, and more entire spirituality of heart and of character, than is implied in the simple coming of the kingdom of God. The difference in the import of the two petitions corresponds with those stages in religious experience, denoted by the terms regeneration and sanctification. When one experiences the regenerating power of the Gospel, and is turned in his purposes and affections from the service of the world to the service of God, the kingdom of God may with propriety be said to be established in his heart. He has become a true subject of that kingdom, and recognizes in his own soul his allegiance to its Sovereign. Still he may be very imperfect, striving to obey, but at times strongly tempted to disobey. But, when this individual experiences the sanctifying power of the Gospel, he is conscious of a still further change in his inward man. His whole heart becomes absorbed in spiritual things. God and the Saviour become with him the highest objects of love—holiness and heaven the great ends of life and effort. His own will is brought into sweet conformity with the holy will of God.—He desires nothing so much as that God's will may be done. He strives for nothing so much as that he may be able to do God's will with alacrity, and bear the allotments laid upon him by God's will with cheerfulness. It is this last and highest attainment of the divine life, for which we pray when, in regard to ourselves, we offer the petition, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

*** Mr. Farrington McIntyre, late of the Divinity School, Cambridge, will be ordained over the Unitarian Society in Brattleboro', Vt. on Thursday 15th inst. Sermon by the Rev. Calvin Lincoln of Fitchburgh.

OBITUARIES.

For the Register.

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Died in Bangor, March 24th, Rev. William Mason, formerly of Castine, aged 82.

Mr. Mason was a native of Princeton, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1792. In 1798 he was ordained minister of the gospel in the town of Castine, Maine, of which place he was the first, and for thirty years, the only minister. In 1834, he resigned his pastoral charge, and, for the last thirteen years, had resided in Bangor.

Intellectually, Mr. Mason was distinguished by strong sense and mother wit. Not brilliant but sound, not ingenious but shrewd, his clear judgment discerned at once the practical bearing of the questions that came before him, and was not to be imposed upon by dialectic subtleties or metaphysical pretence. He was a man who judged for himself, and, in matters of faith, acknowledged no authority but that of the Master whom he served. He was as quick to detect shams and to unmask disguises in others, as he was incapable of practising them himself. At the separation of the Congregational Churches of New England into opposite sects, he took a decided position with the Unitarian connection.

Of his moral character truth was the prevailing trait. He was singularly transparent. There were no dark corners in his soul. You knew him at once and you knew him wholly and trusted him wholly. As you saw him at the first interview, you saw him ever after. He was faithful in the discharge of his official duties, and conscientious in all the minutiæ of life. Uniform cheerfulness characterized his social converse, and a humor which age and sickness could not quench, bore witness of inward peace and a cloudless mind. One shall not easily find a happier man nor one who had a better right to be happy. Words of bitterness never fell from his lips. The Charity which thinketh no evil, which rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, was the settled complexion of his mind. In the course of a twelve years' acquaintance, I do not remember to have heard from him one petulant or ill-natured remark. He bore with extraordinary patience the growing and multiplied infirmities of age, and amid the utter prostration of the last two years, found cause for gratitude in his freedom from acute pain. His mind was less affected than might have been supposed by the breaking up of the mortal frame. His memory retained even recent events and new faces and names, with a fidelity not often witnessed in one of his years. Although his hearing was greatly impaired, he kept himself informed, as far as his means would allow, of the course of things, and loved to converse on the topics of the day.

On the whole, we may pronounce him a most worthy, upright, kindly affectioned man, one who wished well to his race and contributed what in him lay to promote the common good. A man without reproach. According to his ability he filled his place and performed his part of the world's work. He rests from his labors. His memory be blessed! H.

MRS. ANN GREEN.

Died, at her residence in Windsor, Vt., March 19th, Mrs. Ann Green, aged 73, widow of the late Dr. Isaac Green, and daughter of the late Judge Barrett, of this city. It was the rare and happy fortune of the deceased, to spend the whole of her married life, exceeding a half century, under the same roof. Married at the early age of sixteen, she felt an ever increasing attachment to her home,

"that one spot of earth,
'where she had loved, and given her children birth,'"

situated under the shadow of the Ascutney mountain, and overlooking the gentle Connecticut. Both herself and her late husband were strongly attached to those views of truth held by Unitarian Christians, and ever gave them their liberal support. The last time she left her home, before being carried thence forever, was to attend the Communion Service, with her brethren and sisters of the Unitarian Church, in Windsor, in which she expressed herself deeply interested. She was remarkable for the sincerity of her character, and for her prudence in speech, never allowing herself to speak evil of any one, and discountenancing every report unfavorable to the character of others. Her house was open to the stranger, and many will recollect her kind acts of hospitality, while sojourners in the beautiful village of Windsor. Her manners were dignified, and her taste refined and literary. She was for many years, a sufferer from pulmonary disease, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation; and though her last illness was accompanied with great pain, it was alleviated by the affection of her children, and her last hours were peaceful and happy. Her spirit left its earthly tenement, gently as an infant falls to sleep on a mother's breast, and, we trust, is now enjoying the communion of saints, and of those departed friends who have preceded her to the world of light and love.

REV. GEO. MOORE, OF QUINCY, ILL.

The departure of this loved and faithful soldier of the Cross, is a severe affliction—a heavy loss to the little band of disciples, for and with whom he labored.

Possessed of intellectual power and ability, sufficient to enable him to command a station of greater ease and larger worldly remuneration, he was willing to decline it for the sake of advancing his Master's kingdom, in an isolated position, and far away from his kindred and earlier friends. But neither he nor his flock were away from our sympathies and love. A beautiful tribute was paid to his memory, by the Pastor of the Bulfinch Street Church on the last Sabbath—which I am sure it will cheer the hearts of Mr. M.'s flock to know. Mr. G.'s Sermon was on the consolations arising from a faith in immortal life, especially when those we here fondly loved are taken from us. Alluding to Mr. M., he said, "I knew him well; for when I went forth some three years since from the bosom of this Church, to preach the Gospel in the far West, and cheer the hearts of those laboring there, I met this brother in a pleasant Zion on the banks of the Mississippi. Happy and holy were the days I passed there—spent in sweet communion with a truly good man and Christian minister. Meek, sincere and earnest, week after week, would he speak to his little flock in his lowly chapel, and with a true living faith, point to a better world. They loved him, and his flock were near and dear to his heart. On one occasion, as I was sitting with him on one of the high mounds near the river, as the sun was setting, he said,—'you will return to your home, my brother, and speak to your flock—and I shall go down in the vallies below, and gather the poor children and their parents from their lowly dwellings; and, I shall be satisfied, if with these the stranger who lives on yonder river side, shall perchance some Sabbath morning come in and hear, perhaps for the first time, the truth so dear to me,—who can tell what the effect may be,—or, what shall be the results that may come from my preaching, and from my breaking the bread of life to the little company of believers in this place, so distant from their homes in New England. No one!—and therefore I am satisfied to labor in this my part of the Lord's vineyard." Beautiful spirit of Christian faith! May it never pass away! Brethren, he has spoken in this place I now occupy—let him, though dead, speak once more, through me. He that sleeps on the bank of that far-off river, said to those around his bed, ere he died! "Farewell! brethren—I long to go—I look forward with delight to being in a better world." This was the power of that faith he had in Him, who said, "as I live, ye shall live also." Let us cherish this faith and make it ours—let us cling to this Savior, and make him our dearest friend on earth—so that when heart and flesh shall fail us, he may be in us, also, the hope of glory—so let us also live, that when we shall no more eat of this bread and drink of this cup here below, we shall by fidelity to him who is the resurrection and the life, eat and drink it anew, with the loved and lost at the marriage supper of the Lamb on high."

We sympathise deeply with the Church at Quincy in their bereavement. Soon may another equally faithful disciple of the Master break to them the bread of life. Long may they cherish his memory—and long may he, though gone, yet speak to them—and lead them in the way of holiness and love.

MRS. REBECCA AUSTIN.

Mrs. Rebecca Austin, died at New York, March 18th, 1847, wife of Mr. Joseph Austin, daughter of the late John Greene Esq., of Boston. She was entombed with her parents, from her sister's house in Cambridge. In Germany,* there is a custom, in burying their dead, to stop at several doors, singing an appropriate dirge; it suggested the following lines, from attending her funeral.

In vestments of death, I come at your door,
I come, to bid earthly, farewell;
In my coffin, I come, drest for the grave;
It's my last, my funeral knell;—
I'm journeying on, to my kindred's dust;
The tomb, is unbarring for me;
I come, in my shroud, again, at your door,
Your sister "a gain" you may see;
Husband, sisters, farewell, I must depart,
The tomb is now waiting for me;
There, at its shrine, where our parents repose,
There, there, will my resting place be;—
Farewell, farewell, may we meet, yet a gain,
At the hallow'd throne of our God.
And there, in the robes salvation has wrought,
Ever worship in mercy's abode.

Cambridge. H.

*Egypt?

For the Register.

TEMPORARY HOME FOR THE DESTITUTE.

At a meeting of the managers of the Temporary Home for the destitute, it was *voted*, that we hereby acknowledge a liberal donation of household materials and clothing for the use of the Temporary Home under our charge, received through the hands of Rev. Frederic Hinckley of Leicester, from the ladies of his religious Society.

WM. F. CHANNING, *Sec.*

Boston, March 29, 1847.

P. S. In addition to the above the Secretary begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of a package of books, containing more than one hundred volumes, for the use of the Home, from Mr. Charles Whipple of Newburyport.

As the object of the Temporary Home to provide shelter and obtain situations for children and females, subjected by circumstances to sudden want and desolation, has been received with general approbation and interest, it has been thought proper to state to the friends of this charity, that donations of second hand clothing, suitable to the inmates of the Home, will be acceptable and usefully applied, and with any other contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, S. E. Brackett, No. 227 Washington street.

DEDICATION.

The Dedication of the House of Worship erected for the use of the Lee Street Church, Cambridge, took place March 25th, 1847. The Order of Exercises was as follows:—

Chant. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hall, of Dorchester. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. C. Robbins, of Boston. Original Hymn, by Miss C. F. Orne. Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. James Walker, D. D. Hymn, by S. F. Smith. Sermon, by Rev. A. B. Muzzey, Minister of the Society. Anthem. Address, by Rev. J. F. Clarke, of Boston. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Calvin Lincoln, of Fitchburg. Benediction.

We have no room for the Original Hymn this week.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. Official despatches from Gen. Taylor confirm the accounts in our last of the battle at Buena Vista. The army under Gen. Scott has landed and surrounded Vera Cruz, preparatory to an attack on the city and castle.—It is said that a letter has been received in Philadelphia from a reliable source, which states that Santa Anna has advised the Mexican Congress to sue for peace. We hope this news will prove to be true.—Judge Bissell has accepted the appointment of Professor of Law, in Yale College.—Dr. O. W. Holmes has been chosen to fill the professorship in Harvard University, recently made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Warren.—The city government at Roxbury for the year ensuing was organized on Monday. Hon. H. A. S. Dearborn is Mayor.—We understand that the amount which will pass through the relief Committee in this city, in aid of the sufferers by famine in Ireland and Scotland will probably reach the generous sum of $110,000.—The Transcript says that a new Professorship in the Medical department of Harvard University has been created, to which Dr. J. B. S. Jackson was elected. We also learn that Dr. J. Wyman has also been made a professor. The three new appointments stand thus: Parkman Prof. of Anatomy—Dr. Holmes. Prof. of Pathological Anatomy—Dr. Jackson. Hersey Prof. of Comparative Anatomy—Dr. Wyman.—Abraham W. Fuller, Esq., was found dead in his bed on Tuesday morning. He attended a meeting the evening previous. Mr. F. was a member of the Suffolk bar.—In Connecticut, a Whig Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives and four Whig members of Congress were chosen on Monday, says the Atlas.

THE TOOTHACHE. MUSIC AND ETHER.—We find this in one of Miss Fuller's late letters, in the New York Tribune.

"*Don Giovanni*" conferred on me a benefit, of which certainly its great author never dreamed.—I shall relate it—first begging pardon of Mozart and assuring him I had no thought of turning his music to the account of a "vulgar utility,"—it was quite by accident. After suffering several days very much with the toothache, I resolved to get rid of the cause of sorrow by the aid of Ether, not sorry, either, to try its efficacy, after all the marvelous stories I had heard. The first time I inhaled it, I did not for several seconds feel the effect, and was just thinking, "Alas! this has not power to soothe nerves so irritable as mine," when suddenly I wandered off, I don't know where, but it was a sensation like wandering in long garden walks, and through many alleys of trees, many impressions, but all pleasant and serene. The moment the tube was removed I started into consciousness and put my hand to my cheek, but, sad! the throbbing tooth was still there. The dentist said I had not seemed to him insensible. He then gave me the Ether in a stronger dose, and this time I quitted the body instantly, and cannot remember any detail of what I saw and did, but the impression was as in the Oriental tale, where the man has his head in the water an instant only, but in his voice a thousand years seemed to have passed. I experienced that same sense of an immense length of time and succession of impressions; even now the moment my mind was in that state seems to me a far longer period in time than my life on earth does as I look back upon it. Suddenly I seemed to see the old dentist as I had for the moment before I inhaled the gas, amid his plants, in his night-cap and dressing-gown; in the twilight the figure had somewhat of a Faust-like, magical air, and he seemed to say "*C'est inutile.*" Again I started up, fancying that once more he had not dared to extract the tooth, but it was gone. What is worth noticing is the mental translation I made of his words, which my ear must have caught, for my companion tells me he said "*C'est le moment,*" a phrase of just as many syllables, but conveying just the opposite sense.

Ah! how I wished, then, that you had settled there in the United States who really brought this means of evading a portion of the misery of life into use. But as it was, I remained at a loss whom to apostrophize with my benedictions, whether Dr. Jackson, Morton, or Wells, and somebody thus was robbed of his due—neither does Europe know to whom to address her medals.

However, these is no evading the heavier part of these miseries. You escape the effort of screwing up your courage to one of these moments, and escape the moment of suffering, but not the jar to the whole system. I found the effect of having taken the Ether bad for me. I seemed to taste it all the time, and neuralgic pain continued; this lasted three days yet. In the evening of the third I had taken a ticket to "*Don Giovanni*," and could not bear to give up this Opera, which I had always been longing to hear; still I was in much suffering, and, as it was the sixth day I had been so much weakened. However I went, expecting to be obliged to come out; but the music soothed the nerves at once. I hardly suffered at all during the Opera; however, I supposed the pain would return as soon as I came out; but no! it left me from that time. Ah! if physicians only understood the influence of the mind over the body, instead of treating, as they so often do, their patients like machines and according to precedent! But I must pause here for today. *

We learn that the Rev. Charles Morgridge has received and accepted a call from the First Christian Church in Fall River, and that he is to be succeeded as pastor of Centre Church, in this city, by Rev. Jonathan Brown, of Naples, N. Y. [New Bedford Mercury.

GOOD AMONG THINGS EVIL. We are glad to receive *this* news from the seat of war.

FROM TAMPICO. Intelligence from Tampico to the 14th ult., states that everything was quiet at that time. A N. O. paper says:

"We find in the Sentinel a report of the proceedings of a meeting called to hear the report of a committee appointed to raise subscriptions for the suffering poor of Ireland. It appeared that $507 28 had then, the 11th instant, been raised, and measures were taken which will no doubt bring in a much larger sum. It is due to the Mexicans to say that an intimation was given on their behalf, that if waited upon for the purpose, they would cheerfully unite in the benevolent purpose of the meeting. A committee was accordingly appointed with this object."

THE EMIGRANTS. We alluded yesterday to a recent importation of pauper emigrants by the ship Thomas W. Sears. The condition of the emigrants by this vessel is worse than that of any vessel which ever entered this port. The steerage was in so revolting and filthy a state, that it beggars description. The passengers are literally covered with vermin, and are so weak and emaciated that many of them could with difficulty crawl on shore. *Probably none of them have the means of supporting themselves for a day!* Sixteen had been conveyed direct from the vessel to the alms-house, up to 11 o'clock this forenoon, and more remained to be carried. One female died in the carriage on the way to the alms-house. Considerable disturbance occurred in the vicinity of the above vessel yesterday afternoon, in consequence of reports that the second mate had caused the death of one of the passengers on the voyage, by ill treatment. About a thousand Irishmen collected, and with violent threats endeavored to lay hands on the mate, who took refuge aloft. The City Marshal, with a large force of Police officers, went on board the vessel, and took the mate to Leverett street jail for safety. They were followed by the Irishmen, who threatened repeatedly to murder the mate, but the presence of the Police prevented them from proceeding to acts of violence.

It is becoming a question of vital importance, which is asked by all of our citizens, "How can this flood of pauper emigration be stopped?" Something should be done to check the importation of those, who when landed on our shores, must inevitably become a charge on our citizens, or some provision should be made for their subsistence after they arrive. [Journal, 3d.

JACMEL, Hayti, March 9, 1847. We have now to announce to you that a President was chosen and proclaimed by the Senate on the 2d inst. His name is Faustin Soloque, a general officer, aged about 50 years, well esteemed by the people, a man of good and amiable character, and distinguished for his firmness and courage. We think the choice a very good one, and that tranquility will be continued. [Corres. N. Y. Jour. Com.

POPULATION OF FRANCE. The Moniteur of February 26th, gives the results of the last quinquennial census of the population, made by virtue of an ordonance of May 4th, 1846, the numbers of which may be considered, in regard to the laws and administrative regulations, as the only official and authentic date. The following is an analysis. The total population of France (including Corsica) at the present date, amounts to 35,400,486 inhabitants, of which 1,364,467 belong to the single department of the Seine. After that comes the department le Nord, which counts 1,132,980 inhabitants, and shows the most considerable increase. The population of all the departments has increased with the exception of five, viz: the Eure, the Jura, Lot-et-Garronne, the Muse and Haute-Soane. Collectively, the diminution in the five departments is not more than 5,273 inhabitants.

From the last quinquennial to the preceding (1836-1846) the general population has increased about a thirtieth. The following table shows the results of the six last censuses:—

		Increase.	Per cent.
1816–1821	30,161,875		
1821–1826	31,858,937	1,387,062	or 4½
1826–1831	32,569,223	718,286	" 2
1831–1836	33,540,910	971,687	" 2
1836–1841	31,230,178	689,268	" 2
1841–1846	35,400,486	1,170,288	" 3½

POPULATION OF NEW BEDFORD. By the census just completed under the direction of the Selectmen, it is ascertained that the present population of New Bedford is 16,031, including 1080 persons of color. According to the State census, taken in May, 1840, the population at that time was 12,585. Increase in seven years, 3,446, or something more than 25 per cent. [New Bedford Express.

PIGEON EXPRESS. We understand that a pigeon express is in training between this place and Nantucket, by means of which it is thought that intelligence may be transmitted between the two places in about thirty minutes. The experiments thus far have been entirely successful. [Ibid.

MADAM HAHNEMANN, the widow of the celebrated German physician, the inventor of Homœopathy, has recently been prosecuted and brought before a court of justice in France for having practised illegally, medicine and pharmacy. The action was brought by the King's prosecutor, on complaint of Dr. Orfila, dean of the Medical Faculty. To the remark of the presiding Judge, addressed to Madam Hahnemann, that she had no diploma nor any claim whatever to be allowed to practice the healing art, she replied that she had received the degree of Doctor of Homœopathic Medicine from the Homeopathic Society of Philadelphia, and the editor of the Journal des Debats adds to this, in a note, that in the United States there are many lady Doctors, among others the famous Madam Restelle, of New York, who bears the title of a Female Physician. Madam Hahnemann, in reply to various questions of the Judge, defended herself by saying that she made use of the experience she had acquired from living with her husband and watching the course of his practice. That she never visited patients alone or received them alone in her house. That two medical gentlemen who had been long practitioners in Paris, met in consultation twice a week at her house, and that they signed the prescriptions. Madam H. was only present at these consultations. Dr. Deleau and M. Croserio certified to this fact. He gave the prescriptions, and listened to the opinions of Madam H. without feeling obliged to agree with them, in the same manner as they would listen to a physician in consultation. They added that a very sick patient having sent them a thousand francs, they thought proper to send this sum to Madam H. That lady replied that she never received any pecuniary compensation, and all she asked was a donation for the poor, which was made. Notwithstanding this defence, however, after a careful examination of the whole matter, the Judge ended his summing up the case by saying that "since Madam Hahnemann, in 1846, without diploma or proper certificate of reception in France, has practised medicine unlawfully, taking the title of Doctor, and since she did at the same period make and give out without legal authority, compositions or medical preparations, an offence contrary to articles 35 and 36 of the Law of the 19th Ventose year XI, and 36 of the Law of 21 Germinal year XI, and the declaration of April 25, 1777,—therefore, the Widow Hahnemann is condemned to a fine of one hundred francs and expenses."

LOBOS. This Island is about 120 miles from Vera Cruz; it is about two miles in circumference, and six miles from the main land, and is a perfect paradise—thermometer 92 deg., and the climate the same all the year. It abounds with India rubber trees, the growth of which is very singular, all the roots coming up from the ground, and extending some 20 or 30 yards. There are also an abundance of banyan, lime and orange trees. The soil is very sandy, and it is hard work to get water—it is about half as salt as salt water.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

We lay before our readers the new regulations which have been adopted by the postmaster general, under the laws passed at the close of the last session of congress. They embrace a variety of new and interesting provisions, which ought to be thoroughly understood by the people themselves, as well as by all the postmasters. The attention of this last and important class of officers throughout the country is specially invited to them.

Regulations of the post office department for the enforcement of the acts of congress of the 1st, 2d and 3d of March, 1847.

1. All deputy postmasters are authorised to send free, through the mails, all letters and packages not weighing over two ounces, which they may have occasion to write or send, relating to the business of their offices or of the post office department, endorsing thereon "post office business," and signing their names thereto. And those whose compensation did not exceed $200 for the year ending the 30th of June, 1846, may also send free through the mails, letters written by themselves, and receive free all written communications on their own private business, not weighing over one half ounce.

2. Members of congress and delegates from territories may send and receive free, through the mails, from thirty days before the commencement of each congress, until the meeting of the next congress, letters and packages not exceeding two ounces in weight, and public documents not exceeding three pounds in weight. Public documents are those printed by the order of either house of congress, and publications or books procured or purchased by congress, of either house, for the use of the members.

3. The same privilege allowed to members of congress, is extended to the secretary of the senate and the clerk of the house of representatives during their official terms, which terminate with the election of their successors.

4. The privilege of the Vice President is enlarged, so that he may send and receive free, public documents, during his official term.

5. Persons entitled to the privilege of franking should endorse on all letters or packages weighing under two ounces, "free," and sign the same, designating the office they fill; and all public documents which exceed two ounces in weight should be designated by writing the words "public documents" on them, and signing them officially as above. The character of public documents issued from the public offices in the city of Washington and directed to persons authorized to receive them free, may be designated by a stamp specifying the office from which they issue, and the words "public documents," or such other evidence of their character as may be agreed upon between them and the postmaster of the city of Washington. Any document folded and sealed, not having such evidence of its character on the envelope, will be rated with postage, which will be remitted by the delivering postmaster, upon satisfactory evidence that it is a public document, transmissible free through the mails to the person addressed.

6. All letters and packages from and to the heads of departments, or the other public officers who were entitled to the franking privilege prior to the passage of the act of the 3d of March, 1845, in relation to the business of their respective offices, will be delivered to the persons addressed, without any charge of postage, as an appropriation has been made by congress for their payment. All letters and packages issuing from the departments should be marked on the envelope "official business," and signed by the heads of the departments, or, under their direction, by the chief clerks, and by the other officers who were entitled to the franking privilege prior to the act of 1845, designating their official capacity. But such officers have not the right to send or receive, free, their private letters or papers.

7. All newspapers transmitted through the mails will be hereafter rated with postage, except exchange papers between the publishers of newspapers, and those franked by persons enjoying the privilege; and contractors may take newspapers out of the mail, for sale or distribution among subscribers.

8. Transient newspapers, or those not sent from the office of publication to subscribers, hand bills, or circular letters printed or lithographed, not exceeding one sheet in size, will pay three cents, upon delivery at the office, and before they are put into the mails, and all such will be charged by deputy postmasters as prepaid matter in the way bills, and upon their accounts of mails sent, and stamped or marked "paid" with the name of the office from which sent.

9. Transient newspapers, hand bills, or circulars, cannot be received free by deputy postmasters under their privilege. If such should be addressed to them, it is their duty to return them to the sender under a new cover, charged with letter postage. If deposited in a post office unsealed, addressed to deputy postmasters or others, they will not in any case be forwarded by mail without prepayment of the postage. If sealed they will be rated with letter postage, and forwarded in the mails.

10. Letters addressed to different persons cannot be enclosed in the same envelope or package without a penalty of ten dollars, unless addressed to foreign countries.

11. Letters, newspapers and packages not exceeding one ounce in weight, addressed to any officer, musician, or private in the army of the United States in Mexico, or at any post or place on the frontier of the United States bordering on Mexico, will pass free in the mails. Each letter so addressed, should specify, after the name of the person, "belonging to the army." The law will continue in force during the war with Mexico, and for three months after its termination.

12. Extra commissions allowed deputy postmasters by the order of the 9th of July, 1845, are superceded by the act of 3d March, 1847.

13. The commissions allowed by the 24th section of the act of the 3d March, 1845, are repealed, and other rates allowed by the 1st section of the act of the 1st March, 1847, in lieu of them, as follows:—

1. On the amount of letter postage, not exceeding $100 in any one year, 40 per cent.
2. On any sum between $100 and $400 in any year, 33 1-2 per cent.
3. On any sum between $400 and $2400 in the year, 30 per cent.
4. On any sum over $2,400 in a year, 12 1-2 per ct.
5. On the amount of letters and packets received for distribution at offices designated by the postmaster general for that purpose, 7 per cent.

The term letter postage includes all postages received, except those which arise from newspapers, sent from the offices of the publishers to subscribers, and from pamphlets and magazines—so that all prepaid postage upon transient papers, hand bills, and circulars, printed or lithographed, will be treated as letter postage in the settlement of accounts of postmasters.

14. On all sums arising from the postage on newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets, 50 per cent.

15. As the accounts of postmasters have to be settled quarterly, and their commissions allowed for that time, the postmasters will credit themselves with 40 per cent. upon the first twenty-five dollars received in the quarter, and for any sum between twenty-five dollars and one hundred dollars in the quarter, at the rate of 33 1-3 per cent.; and upon any sum between one hundred and six hundred dollars received in the quarter, 30 per centum; and on any sum over six hundred dollars received in the quarter, at the rate of 12 1-2 per cent.

16. The commission accounts will be settled as heretofore, except that the annual compensation to which postmasters are limited, will be computed for the fiscal year, commencing on the first of July, and ending the 30th June, and in due proportion for any period less than a year.

17. No other allowances can be made to postmasters except box-rents to an amount not exceeding $2,000 per annum, and the surplus of such receipts may be applied to the expenses of the office, under the direction of the postmaster general. The emolument or box-rent account must be accounted for regularly in the quarterly returns, and for the same quarter as other proceeds of the office.

18. Postmasters in their returns for the present quarter ending the 31st of March, 1847, will adjust their accounts according to the above allowances.

C. JOHNSON, Postmaster Gen.

March 12, 1847.

[Washington Union.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars from Mr William B. Allen, Secretary of the Sunday School connected with the Church of the Divine Unity, city of New York, over which Rev Henry W. Bellows is Pastor, to constitute George Woodman, Esq. their Superintendent, a Life Member.

Boston, April 6, 1847.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday, in Harvard street Church, by Rev Joseph Banvard, Mr Simeon F. Whitman to Lorana S. Quinton.

In Sudbury, 30th ult, by Rev Mr Shaw, Mr James D. Wright of Concord, to Miss Sarah H. Puffer of S.

In Mansfield, on Sunday evening last, Mr Marshall F. Shaw to Miss Elizabeth F. Green, daughter of Simeon Green of Mansfield.

In Worcester, 25th ult, Bradford Russell, Esq. of Groton, to Miss Maria Prouty of Sterling.

In South Boston, last evening, Mr George McClennan, Jr. to Miss Anna Maria Jacobs.

In Manchester, 11th ult, Mr Samuel Adams of M. to Miss Elizabeth G. Felton of Boston; Mr Henry F. Lee to Mrs Mary A Knowlton.

In Litchfield, Pen., Island of Jamaica, Feb 17, by Rev Walter Thornburn, Minister of the Presbyterian Kirk in Falmouth, Mr Henry Breed Newhall of Boston, Mass., to Lydia Morris, second daughter of Lieut John Davis, R. N.

In London, Feb 23d, at Trinity Church, Regents Park, Capt Byng Creagh, son of the late Col Creagh, C. B. to Charlotte Jane Minchin, daughter of John Minchin, Esq. her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Fayal.

DEATHS.

In this city, 1st inst, Mrs Rebecca, relict of the late Hon Wm Davis of Plymouth, in her 85th year.

7th inst., Dr. Samuel Wigglesworth, M. D., 35—graduated at Harvard College in 1831.

In Watertown, 2d inst, Nancy M. widow of the late Henry Higginson of Boston, 64.

In Newton, Walter Bryant, child of Mr George W. Hawkes.

In Marblehead, Mrs Betsey Laskey, 66.

In Danvers, Mr John Trofater, 54.

In Northfield, 30th ult, Gen John Nevers, 74.

In Newbury, Hannah, wife of Mr Richard Tenney, and daughter of Mr James Cary, 37.

In Scituate, 31st ult, Mr Gideon Young, a soldier of the revolution, 86.

In West Springfield, 12th ult, Mr Samuel Humphrey, a revolutionary pensioner, 94.

In Brimfield, 10th ult, Philemon Warren, Esq. 86.

In Northampton, 2d inst, Martha H. daughter of the late Ebenezer Hunt, Esq. 22.

In Chilmark, 31st ult, Simon Mathew, Esq. 93 yrs 4 mos.

In Pittsfield, 28t ult, Sarah L. wife of Rev Edward Ballard, Rector of St Stephen's Church, 41.

In Hayesville, 23d ult, Zilpha, relict of the late Abner Loomis of Hatfield, 90.

In Belfast, Me, 25th ult, widow Mary Smith, 93½ yrs, formerly of Ipswich, Mass.

In Bangor, 24th ult, Rev William Mason, formerly of Castine, 82 yrs 4 mos, a graduate at Harvard University, in the class of 1792.

In Holland Patent, Trenton, N. Y., 21st ult, Wm Rollo, Esq. 76.

At Hinsdale Plantation, near Halifax, N. C. 29th ult, Jane D. daughter of the late D. S. Greenough, Esq. of Roxbury, Mass.

Lost overboard from the bowsprit of schr Kokeno of Provincetown, on the passage from the Rappahannock to this port, 26th ult, Mr D. Nickerson, 1st officer.

LINEN WAREHOUSE
—AND—
HOUSEKEEPING ESTABLISHMENT.
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(A FEW DOORS NORTH OF TREMONT HOUSE,)
IMPORT AND KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, the most extensive variety of
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that can probably be found in the country, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices, either at wholesale or retail. They have been in this business a number of years, and have facilities for obtaining superior fabrics, from the most approved manufacturers and bleachers.—They would name more particularly their assortment of Linen Sheetings, Shirting Linens, Damasks, Damask Table Cloths, Napkins and Doilies to match, as being PURE LINEN, and of the old fashioned style of fabrics. These articles, among others, are of great importance to housekeepers to get of *true value*. Purchasers generally are respectfully invited to examine the assortment. It will give them pleasure to show their goods, and no one will be importuned to purchase contrary to their wishes.
Boston, April, 1847. 3w ap10

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FAMILY LINENS,
OF A WELL KNOWN CHARACTER.
BENJAMIN & E. JACOBS & CO.,
NO. 35 TREMONT ROW,
Have just received a few more cases of 4-4, 7-8 and 9-8
IRISH LINENS!
TOGETHER WITH
LINEN SHEETINGS!
of their importation, direct from one of the best bleachers in Ireland. Their customers, without doubt, are generally acquainted with the style of their goods. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that they are
TRULY THE FOX LINENS!
as we have for many years imported them direct from the same bleacher that formerly supplied Mr. Fox.—These Linens, without doubt, will be found *equal*, if not *superior*, to any in the market. Also, constantly receiving, all the latest styles of
HOUSEKEEPING ARTICLES,
all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices, either at wholesale or retail. 3w ap10

REMOVAL. CROSBY & NICHOLS give notice that they have removed their stock of Books, Stationery, &c. to No 111 Washington street, nearly opposite their old stand, where they hope for the continued patronage of their friends and the public.
☞ The Depository of the A. U. A., and the Office of the General Secretary, are removed to the same place.
☞ CROSBY & NICHOLS have for sale a general assortment of School, Theological and Miscellaneous Books. Particular attention paid to furnishing SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.
ap10 111 Washington st.

PEABODY'S ADDRESS. An Address delivered before the Newburyport Female High School on the 3d Anniversary of its establishment, Dec 19th, 1846, by Andrew P. Peabody. second edition, published and for sale JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington, opposite School st. ap10

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1. The Lost Senses, Deafness and Blindness, by J. Ritto.
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5. To the Stethoscope.
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GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,
INVITE THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THE FINEST DISPLAY OF
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS
ever made upon their counters. On account of the hard times and great scarcity abroad, goods have cost very low, and we are offering SHAWLS, SILKS, DRESS GOODS, and other foreign fabrics, *much lower than ever before.*
HAVING MORE THAN DOUBLED
the amount of our business since the first year we opened this establishment, we are enabled to offer increased advantages to all purchasers of Dry Goods, at
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Being desirous not only to keep all the customers we have, but to make as many more, WE SHALL USE WELL ALL WHO CALL UPON US. It is a common thing *to advertise* to sell lower than every one else; we only wish customers to examine for themselves. We have but one price, but that, *we know our own interest* well enough to make *as low, if not a little lower*, than can be found under any circumstances, at other places.—Purchasers will find at this Establishment not only the
RICHEST AMD BEST GOODS IMPORTED,
But also a full and complete assortment of MEDIUM AND LOW PRICED FABRICS.
OUR STOCK OF
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS
IS THE LARGEST IN NEW ENGLAND, *probably the largest in the United States; and we have not a dozen Cashmere Shawls in our store, which were not imported by ourselves, which enables us to sell much lower than those who buy on this side. Almost all retailers advertise that they import these Goods, but it is not true; there is not another on the street who does so.*
IN RICH DRESS SILKS,
AND THE BEST KINDS OF
BLACK SILKS,
WE HAVE EVERYTHING THAT IS
NEW, CHOICE, OR DESIRABLE!
The value of our SHAWLS and SILKS alone, is more than
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at the present time, and the variety is too great for us to say more than that the purchaser of *a cheap, a comfortable or a Rich Shawl and Silk*, can hardly fail to find something adapted to their taste in our immense assortment.
IN LADIES' DRESS GOODS
we commence at a fine LONDON PRINT at Ninepence, and go up through all the varieties of Ginghams, French Prints, Lawns, Muslins, Jaconets, Brilliantes, Grenadines, Mous de Laines, and Mohair and Tassore Plaids, &c., &c., to the richest SILK MUSLINS, BAREGES and CASHMERES imported.
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will be found a full assortment of LINEN FABRICS, of every kind, from the Hdkf. at ninepence, to the best goods in SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, DAMASKS, &c.
EMBROIDERIES, LACES, &c.,
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OUR DEPARTMENT
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will be found full and complete at all seasons of the year, and great care is used to obtain durable fabrics.
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BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, ERMINETS, DRILLS, and many other fabrics for Boys' wear.
In fact, the most complete stock of DRY GOODS which has EVER YET been exhibited IN ONE ESTABLISHMENT, and Merchants, as well as purchasers at retail, *will do well* to examine our stock before they make their selections.
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WARE'S WORKS, 3 and 4. Volume three and four of the Works of Henry Ware, Jr, D. D.—These volumes will contain Discourses, many of which have never appeared in print; to which are added his work on the Formation of the Christian Character, and his Sequel to the same, now first published. Nearly ready and will be published on or about the first of May, to match the previous volumes.
JAMES MUNROE & CO., Publishers, No 134 Washington, opposite School st. ap10

WILLIAM HOWITT'S REPLY. William Howitt's Reply to Mr Saunders's Appeal to the press and the public. For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School st. ap10

RARE BOOKS. The Works of Shakspeare in six volumes, carefully revised and corrected by the former editions, and adorned with sculptures, designed and executed by the best hands, 6 vols 4to, edition of 1745 one copy in good condition.
The works of Mr. Abraham Cowley, consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which he designed for the press, now published out of the author's original copies—small folio edition of 1668.
A Voyage towards the South Pole, and round the World, performed in His Majesty's Ships the Resolution and Adventure, in the years 1772, 1773, 1774 and 1775

POETRY.

What more touching than this little poem, which we take from a volume of translations, or, as Willis calls it, trans-creations, from the German, by Charles T. Brooks? We commend the whole volume to all lovers of beautiful poetry, and this little piece to children in particular.

THE STRANGER-CHILD'S HOLY CHRIST.

'Tis Christmas eve,—full plain,—
A strange child runs about
Through street, and square, and lane,
To see the lights gleam out
From every window-pane.

Behold him stop and stare
At every house; he sees
The bright rooms, how they glare,
And all the lamp-full trees,—
Sad is he everywhere.

The poor child weeps:—"To-night
Each little girl and boy
Their little tree and light
Can see and can enjoy,—
All,—all but me,—poor wight!

"Brothers and sisters, we
Once frolicked, hand in hand,
Around one sparkling tree;
But here, in this strange land,
No one remembers me.

"Now all the doors they close
Against the cold and me;
In all these goodly rows
Of houses, can there be
No spot for my repose?

"Will no one ope to me?
Naught will I touch or take;
I'll only look and see
The pretty Christmas cake,—
The sight my feast shall be."

He knocks at gate and door,
On shutter and on pane;
Within they laugh the more;
The poor child knocks in vain,
His little joints grow sore.

Each father, full of joy,
His children eyes with pride;
The mother hands the toy,
She thinks of naught beside;
None heeds the stranger-boy.

"Dear holy Christ! save thee,
No father and no mother
Have I on earth;—O, be
My Savior and my brother,
For none remembers me!"

Numbered with the biting blast,
He rubs his little hands,
Hugs himself tight and fast,
And in the by-lane stands,
His eyes to Heaven upcast.

Lo! with a little light,
Comes plodding up the street,
All dressed in spotless white,
Another child;—how sweet
His accents pierce the night!

"I am the holy child
Jesus, and once, like thee,
I roamed through cold and wild;
Poor wanderer, come to me,
For I am meek and mild!

"I will not scorn thy prayer;
The poor I love to bless,
And grant my tender care
Here in the street no less
Than in the parlor there.

"And now I'll let thee see,
Here in the open air,
Thou stranger-child, thy tree,—
And none so bright and fair
In all the rooms can be."

Then pointed with his hand
Child Jesus to the sky;—
A mighty tree did stand,
Crowded with stars, so high,
Its boughs the wide heaven spanned.

How far, and yet how near,
The sparkling arches seem!
Poor child! it did appear
Like to a fairy dream,
All was so calm and clear.

There,—in the shining sky,—
There stood his Christmas-tree;
And little angels nigh
Reached down so lovingly,
And drew him up on high.

And homeward now he goes,
The little stranger-child,
With Jesus to repose,—
The Savior meek and mild,—
And soon forgets his woes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lindley's;
OR, HABITS AND HAVINGS.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

Mary Foster married very young and very well, though her father, a wealthy merchant, was not quite satisfied with the bridegroom's pecuniary condition. He himself beginning with nothing, and having been educated in habits of great economy, had acquired a large fortune, and with it the very highest appreciation of the blessings of money. Mr. Lindley was a young lawyer in good practice, belonging to a wealthy family, and sanguine in his anticipations of fame and fortune at the bar. But his income was as yet precarious and Mr. Foster would have been better pleased if the marriage had been deferred until something solid had been acquired to begin upon. He was very indulgent, however, and could not bear to see a cloud on Mary's brow; so he gave her a handsome outfit, and the young couple commenced housekeeping in a style scarcely inferior to that of their parents.

Mr. Foster did not live to realize the half million which was the goal of his ambition, and when his estate came to be settled, and the property divided among a large family and a young second wife, for whom he provided handsomely, the portion of each child was small in comparison with their *habits*. Lindley began to look a little grave when he found his wife's fortune so far less than he had anticipated. His father's family were living to the extent of their means, and therefore little likely to have any surplus; and he was talking very seriously of retrenchment, when he himself, in the prime of his days, was stricken with illness, and after lingering a long time, died, leaving Mary, at thirty, a widow with five children.

Retrenchment now began in earnest, although it was far short of what it should have been. Six persons were to be supported in luxury on a moderate income which there was no present prospect of increasing; and this required all Mrs. Lindley's management, and more than economy. She did what she could, but she still struggled to maintain the appearance of style, making all sacrifices but that of show, and every year saw the struggle more and more difficult.——A smaller house, fewer servants, less expensive dress, came down to a very small house, one servant, and dress that allowed no fashionable visiting—that is to say—to a style which, if adopted at first, would have saved all anxiety; yet by the time the eldest son was ready to undertake business on his own account, very little capital was forthcoming for him to begin with. He was an excellent young man, however; and the house with which he had been several years as a clerk, received him as a partner on favorable terms, so that here seemed a gleam of sunshine.

Fanny Lindley, the eldest girl, was largely endowed with the "fatal gift of beauty," and although beauty is too common among us to be often the foundation of pecuniary speculation, as we are told it is abroad, she happened to attract the attention of a gentleman who, coming home very rich from South America, thought he could afford to please his fancy to a wife. He was not very young nor very handsome, but he had seen something of the world, possessed a good address, and was a most attentive lover; so we cannot wonder that Fanny, who had felt a thousand times that nothing but money was needed to make her mother's family perfectly happy, was, in time, persuaded to fancy herself in love too.——We must do Mrs. Lindley the justice to say that she warned her daughter against mistaking her feelings, and laid before her the sin and misery of marrying for money; and if the poor widow did not plead quite so earnestly for the truth as she might have done if her fireside had been wider, it was weakness and not wickedness which induced her to sanction the sacrifice. Fanny was so lovely! and it seemed such a pity that she, who would adorn a palace, should be condemned to a penurious economy seemed likely to become more and more strict and painful.

So Fanny Lindley became Fanny Winterfield—or rather, as we ought to say,—Mrs. Winterfield, since the accession of dignity that she acquired on that occasion should admonish us to be more respectful. An elegant house, furnished without regard to expense, a carriage or two, plenty of servants, and a wardrobe fit for an ambassadress, made no small change in the condition of Mrs. Lindley's eldest daughter, who, beautiful and accomplished as she was, had been accustomed for some years to look at these things only from a distance, with eyes that tried hard not to be envious. No wonder that Fanny became at once the supreme object of attention, admiration and *quotation* to her family. Mrs. Lindley, especially, was dazzled by this new glimpse of the expensive way of life in which she had herself been educated. "Happy Fanny," she said every day.

"Make haste, Anne, and get the breakfast table out of the way for Fanny is coming for me this morning to go shopping with her, and we look so poverty-stricken here, after her elegant Dresden set," said Mrs. Lindley one morning.

"Fanny is accustomed to our old breakfast things, mother," said Anne, who was a quiet, reasonable girl, and not having been brought up with her mother's expensive habits, found it easier to conform to her situation.

"Very true, my dear," said Mrs. Lindley, "but contrast is everything, you know. While Fanny saw no other, I dare say these seemed very comfortable; now, the case is altered. At any rate there is no need of thrusting these things before her. We ought to try to appear as well as possible, even for her sake."

Anne sighed, and occupied herself in making the tiny parlors as smart as their well-worn furniture would allow. Fanny came, all radiant with smiles, and looking so charming in her delicate morning dress that her mother was ready to fall down and worship her. They spent the whole morning in shops of various descriptions, where the thousand "unconsidered trifles" that go to the perfecting of an elegant establishment were purchased, as well as several pretty articles of dress for Mrs. Lindley and Anne.

"Anne," said Mrs. Winterfield, as she threw a handsome lace pelerine over her sister's shoulders, "I want you to look as nice as can be.—Mr. Winterfield is going to invite a few of his friends, and wished me to ask you and mother, and I should be mortified to death if you did not appear as well as anybody. We are to have several people from the south, and a great heiress, who I dare say is not half so pretty as you."

So she ran on, but tears came to Anne's eyes. "Was there already such a difference! Had Fanny began to measure her respectability by such a standard!"

She then thanked Fanny for the pelerine, but thought within herself that it would cut but a sorry figure over a faded silk, which was the only dress she could muster for a small party. Mrs. Lindley, in her usual dress of black, always looked lady-like at least.

The evening came, and Fanny received her mother and sisters with her usual affection, and her guests with a gentle grace which delighted her husband. They were very gay people and overpoweringly dressed. Anne began to think she might have worn her bridesmaid costume.—Lace, velvet, diamonds—such splendor! Not much conversation, to be sure, but a good deal of talk and good music. Miss Vinton, "the great heiress," as Mrs. Winterfield whispered to Anne, was persuaded to sing, and after giving her bouquet to one gentleman, her elegant downy fan to another, and her gloves to a third, tucking her embroidered kerchief in the most approved manner under the music-book, and shaking the blood out of her hands by an upward movement not a little practised on such occasions, she began! Anne Lindley was observing all this, yet she started involuntarily at the first burst of song. It was as if some very heavy person had trod upon a dog's foot. Such a note! or rather succession of notes! The strain grew more human after a while, and the bravura concluded with the usual operatic close, which requires the support of an orchestra at least.

"Splendid, is it not?" said Fanny to her sister. "Miss Vinton has taken lessons of B—and Q—and Z— ever since she could reach an octave. Her education has cost thousands!"

Poor Fanny! she had learned the vulgar estimate, even of music.

Anne was asked to sing, and complied with her usual modest self-possession, but her delicate pathetic songs seemed faded and insipid (to that company,) after Miss Vinton's. Fanny felt quite mortified. "Anne was so tame," she said to her husband afterwards. "She was quite put down by Miss Vinton."

This evening, the first they had spent at Fanny's with company, concluded not without its mortifications to Anne and her mother. There was a sense of estrangement which they could hardly account for, and which they did not mention to each other, although each felt it keenly. Some particulars, however, they did mention, though they forbore to carry out the deductions.

"I think Mr. Winterfield might have sent us home in the carriage, or at least sent for one, if he did not choose to have out his own in the rain," said Mrs. Lindley, as she sat with Anne talking over the party, before what had been a fire.

"It rained but little," Anne said, "and perhaps Mr. Winterfield did not know that it rained at all."

"Oh, yes—he knew it; for I heard him, when he saw Miss Vinton to the door, call for an umbrella, although she declared it was not necessary. He did not see us to the door."

"He considered us as belonging to the family," said Anne, against her conscience, for she knew very well that her brother-in-law's manner bespoke anything else.

"Ah! my dear Anne," said poor Mrs. Lindley, with a deep sigh, "you must not expect Fanny will feel as she has done towards her own family. Did you notice how secretly she gave me the cake for the boys? It was as if she smuggled it, for fear her servants should see it. If it had not been for some such feeling, she would have sent a servant with it, instead of giving it to me to carry."

This may serve as a specimen of the intercourse between Fanny and her family, after the wide separation of their fortunes. There had been a vague notion that riches, even to one member of the family, would prove a blessing to all; yet here were heart-burnings and disappointed affection on one side, and frequent mortification and vexation on the other. It was not that the Lindleys wished to share Mr. Winterfield's fortune, or to be burdensome to him in any way; but that they were wholly unprepared for the distinction which instantly arose between the rich and poor members of the same family.

Mrs. Winterfield tried hard to make it otherwise, and resisted, as far as possible, the estranging influences of her situation; but she had her husband to please, and it pleased him to make the most of his wealth, in every way for his own gratification. The difference between Fanny's appearance and her sister's, secretly gratified him, for he was a mean man, though not an essentially vicious one. He loved to confer a favor now and then, but it must be something that *told*. He held it to be miserable economy of means which allowed bounty or kindness to flow in a thousand scarce perceptible channels, increasing comfort but not making itself evident as bounty, like the stream

That by a livelier green
Betrays its silent course, itself unseen—

And he watched Fanny very closely, lest she should subtract from her own expenses in order to be generous to her sistor. Indeed, he became, after a while, so wary, that, instead of supplying his wife with money, he desired her to buy whatever she wished and have the bills made out in full and sent to him, observing that it was more convenient to pay in checks. So that Mrs. Winterfield, whatever may have been her inclination, had no opportunity of practising the little self-denials which would have enabled her to lighten her mother's cares, and to lessen the too obvious difference between the condition of the families. With the ingenuity of real affection, Fanny tried another mode of making her wealth of some little advantage to her mother. She wished Mr. Winterfield to invite Anne to reside with them, knowing that, however reluctant Mrs. Lindley might be to part with her, she would not hesitate if such an advantage were offered. But being aware of her husband's foible of ostentation, she endeavored to make the suggestion come from himself, and only observed how well fitted Anne was to grace any society, and the pity that she should be so secluded.—Mr. Winterfield assented to all this, but remarked that young women, after all, were none the better for being too much in company, and declared that he had no doubt Anne would "catch" some rich man yet. Fanny bit her lip, and scarce avoided expressing what she felt at this reply. A little reflection enabled her to pursue her point for her sister's sake, and she changed the mode of attack, saying plainly that it would be a great relief to her mother if Anne were provided for. Mr. Winterfield made no reply, but seemed very much absorbed in getting at a secret drawer in his escritoire.

"I do not know but poor Anne will be obliged to attempt giving music lessons," pursued Fanny, determined to have an answer from her prudent lord.

"Music lessons! the very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Winterfield; "what a capital idea! how came anything so practical into your head, Fanny! That will be the best possible way of getting back part of the money that your mother has——" he paused for a word, he was going to say "squandered," but changed it to "lavished"—"has lavished on her education. I will give her my two neices to begin with, and they can recommend her to every body!"

The practical man was so pleased with the plan, that he did not notice Fanny's evident mortification at being thus promptly taken at her word. He lost no time in proposing it to Anne, saying that as his neices must have a teacher, it would be necessary for her to decide immediately. Thus urged, Anne, who had some floating thoughts of making the effort for her mother's sake, resolved upon beginning at once, and in spite of Mrs. Lindley's reluctance, she commenced with the two little girls the very next week, though her mother felt sure to the last moment, than Fanny never would permit such a sacrifice while she was living in the greatest magnificence.

Fanny wept with vexation, but she was powerless. Her husband had that sort of quiet, self-complacent determination which walks over everybody else's will without apparent effort, and he held the purse-strings with so firm a hand that he secured a deference that almost amounted to awe, from all about him.—Anne felt it perhaps, less than anybody, especially after she found she could support herself, and enjoyed the independence which is the natural consequence of that discovery. Mr. Winterfield felt her glance sometimes, when he said or did anything particularly little, and she occasionally took her own part in a way that made him stare.

"I told Fanny she might give you her purple mantella," said he, one day, to Anne; "She has just received one I ordered for her from Paris."

"Thank you," said Anne, "but I have no occasion for it."

"I am sure it looks a great deal better than your shawl," retorted Mr. Winterfield, rather angrily.

"Perhaps so," said Anne, "but I like the shawl best."

She spoke civilly enough, but the least show of spirit was so new to Mr. Winterfield, that he was not a little discomposed. But a far greater trial of his temper was in store. A bachelor friend of his, just returned from South America, and come home, like himself, determined to enjoy to the utmost the golden ingots he had collected there, visited frequently at his house, and there saw and was pleased with Anne's elegant manner and appearance, as well as her musical abilities, which were often in requisition at Mr. Winterfield's. Mr. Winterfield immediately undertook to make a match; put on a patronizing air with regard to Anne, criticized her dress with a mysterious, business-like face, and even presented her with several articles that were not second-hand, which he thought would improve her appearance. The matter went on for some time without attracting Miss Lindley's notice. She observed that her brother-in-law was disposed to be unusually gracious; and always wishing, for her sister's sake, to be on good terms with him, she met him, half way, and was equally obliging. She allowed herself to be seated with Mr. Broughton at chess or at piquet, or to be placed by his side in the carriage for a drive, without ever supposing any thing but that she was assisting Fanny to be civil to her husband's old friend. Mr. Broughton was to her a comfortable, dull bachelor, whose florid countenance bespoke high living, and whose puffy walk betrayed a rather disproportioned obesity—and nothing more. She never gave him a thought beyond this ordinary notice. But by and by Mr. Winterfield's "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" became too palpable, and Anne, waking up, saw through the whole game. From this time, neither artifice, argument nor persuasion could induce her to enter Mr. Winterfield's house at any hour of the day when the bachelor beau could possibly be there, and when he called at Mrs. Lindley's, he never saw anybody but that lady herself.

Mr. Winterfield was outrageous. He inveighed against Anne's ridiculous pride and prophesied it would have a fall; reproached her with the trouble he had thrown away upon this capital scheme, and even with the money he had spent in furtherance of it. This brought matters to a crisis. Anne sent back in disdain every article he had ever given her, and was only deterred by her sister's tears and entreaties from resolving never to enter his house again. While things were in this unhappy state, Mr. Broughton made a rather pompous offer of his heart and hand, which were civilly but decidedly declined by Miss Lindley.

This was a sad disappointment to poor Mrs. Lindley, who had all along cherished a hope that Anne would yet be induced to look with favor upon her wealthy suitor. Strange that a mother, after seeing the little happiness brought by a large estate to her eldest daughter, could yet covet a similar lot for the younger. Yet how common is this inconsistency? Anne, with her spirit, her talent, her elegance, would make such a magnificent woman, if she were only placed in a proper position!

Anne had another suitor, far less agreeable to her mother, but a good deal more acceptable to herself; and Mrs. Lindley's constant fear was that Anne would "throw herself away" upon Henry Carr.

"He will never be rich," Mrs. Lindley would say; he buys books, he takes no interest in politics, and he is an enthusiast. Enthusiasts never make money."

"Perhaps they need it less than other men, dear mother," said Anne.

"How so? does not everybody need money?"

"Certainly; but I have observed that those whose pleasures are from within—that is, I mean, independent of others, need less."

"What strange ideas you have, Anne! as if any body that is poor could be happy."

"Do you think Mr. Winterfield is happier than Henry Carr, mother!"

"Why—I do not know—he does not seem so, certainly. But then Mr. Winterfield has so many cares! He is harassed to death by his agents and his debtors, and people about business. If it were not for that he has everything to make him happy, I am sure."

"Henry Carr supports his mother and sisters by his own unassisted efforts; yet he has more leisure, and, I really believe, far more enjoyment, than Mr. Winterfield."

"He has made you believe so, Anne, because he would persuade you to marry him."

"Dear mother," said Anne, with emotion, "I will never marry him nor any body else while I am necessary to your comfort."

"But," insisted Mrs. Lindley, "why couldn't you accept Mr. Broughton, then?"

"Would it add to your comfort, to have me as Fanny is, mother? separated from us almost as if she had never been one of your flock, and herself daily more and more enslaved to what she, or her husband for her, calls her "duties to society." When you are ill, who would nurse you, if I had a husband like Mr. Winterfield, whose selfish maxim, that a lady's place is her own parlor, never allows Fanny even to spend a day with you?"

"Mr. Winterfield is certainly very exacting—but Mr. Broughton is a very different person—"

"Yes—a *bon vivan*, with no more conversation than an automaton; who drinks more glasses of wine than he speaks words at the dinner table. To hope for kindness or sympathy from such a man would be madness. But, dear mother, once for all, I can never marry for an establishment, and if I ever marry at all—"

"It will be Henry Carr! I thought so! and live in poverty all your life!"

"I will not marry to live in poverty—I will not marry while there are any fears of it; so be content mother, and do not urge me to leave you."

Anne was as good as her word. Mr. Carr's sisters married, and his mother went to reside with one of them, but Anne still taught music and remained the main stay of her mother's household. Her eldest brother had been unfortunate, and obliged to begin the world anew. The younger ones were educated as well as very narrow means would allow; and they were now seeking employment—a search in which so many young men of what are called "good families" spend months and years of depressing anxiety. They have a "position" to support; friends and relatives whose pride will be wounded by their adopting any profession below a certain grade; yet this consideration, while it serves to embarrass their choice, does nothing towards providing them with subsistence. Old Mr. Lindley offered to do something for them if they would go to sea, but they were both averse to this, and the old gentleman declined interfering further in their fortunes. He was one of those who think it absurd for people of no property to have either opinions or feelings. By the aid of Mr. Carr, however, they at last procured tolerably eligible situations, and Mrs. Lindley had the satisfaction of seeing all her sons doing well, though with small prospect of the fortune, for which she had always sighed.

It was not long before Mr. Broughton found his addresses more acceptable in another quarter, and, as soon as he was married, Anne became a visiter at Mr. Winterfield's, but she could not but perceive that even her sister felt less cordially towards her after this unlucky incident. Fanny was gradually becoming a good deal moulded by her husband's force of character, and she learned to think with him, that such pride in one situated as Anne was, was quite absurd. If she had been asked whether happiness had been the result of her own marriage, the question would, perhaps, have embarrassed her not a little; yet she would probably have concluded by answering in the affirmative, since the appliances of wealth had become so necessary to her that the thought of happiness without them scarcely entered her mind. Her husband treated her kindly, at least as kindly as was consistent with the complete merging of her character and wishes in his. If she had ventured upon opposition, we might have had a different story to tell. As it was, she believed herself at least "as happy as married women generally are"—a sad estimate! Can it be the true one?

Mrs Winterfield had a family of daughters, some of whom were now growing old enough to begin what is technically called their "education;" and governesses, and masters, and stocks, and braces, and all the paraphernalia of nature-extinguishers were in requisition to make the Miss Winterfields all that young ladies of large expectation should be. Aunt Anne was of great use in all these matters, although her instructions in music, thoroughly excellent as they were, were not considered "stylish" enough for her nieces. Mr. Winterfield said, "Everybody has Z—now. A young lady's reputation as a performer depends upon having Z—." This was, of coûrse, somewhat disadvantageous to Anne, as the world soon began to fancy that if her teaching were just what it should be, Mr. Winterfield would allow her to instruct his daughters. Anne felt this, but she none the less cheerfully lent her aid to her sister in the care of the young people, who had now become her only thought. The children Mr. Winterfield considered as a part of his own dear self, and insisted that every thing should be sacrificed to them, so that Fanny, worn down and prematurely old with care and confinement, became almost a cipher in her own house.

At thirty, and not before, Anne Lindley ventured to marry, and Mr. Winterfield, took the opportunity to disclaim all connection with her. "Such folly—such insanity," he said, in his sister-in-law, "to disgrace herself by a marriage so decidedly beneath her, with a person not known in society!" He charged Fanny to break off all intercourse with her sister, and but for shame's sake would have extended the proscription to the rest of the family. Fanny, no longer the Fanny of former years, made no resistance to this decree, and, more and more absorbed in her own affairs, or rather those of her husband and children, seldom saw even her mother.

But Mr. Winterfield, although, as he often boasted, he was his "own insurer," and although he always seemed to think himself raised above all the ills of life, found his beloved thousands inefficient to resist the intrusion of the disease. His affairs calling him to South America, he was there seized with a fever, and died after a short illness. His remains were brought home, and laid in the earth with so much pomp that it seemed a pity he could not have witnessed the ceremony. The mourning, too, was of the most profound kind. Such loads of crape and bombazine as bespoke the desolation of that household! Even the Italian greyhound, that was the bosom companion of Miss Isidora, had his blue ribbon exchanged for a black one, and the new letter-paper ordered for the occasion was imbued with grief to the depth of half an inch.

But the will! It was a singular one, though perhaps not inconsistent with the character of Mr. Winterfield. His immense estate was left entirely to his three daughters, who, the testator was certain, would provide properly for their mother! This was undoubtedly a device to exclude Fanny's family, since Mr. Winterfield, if he had made any provision for his widow, could not in decency have made less than a handsome one, and he feared that Fanny might, even after all his tuition, have been disposed to share it in some measure with her relatives.

By the present arrangement all such fear was excluded. The daughters had been brought up in the most intense selfishness, and from the time they were made acquainted with the tenor of their father's will, their extravagance knew no bounds. The elder ones were soon emancipated from all control of their mother, and contrived to make her very bread bitter by their undutiful conduct. Fanny, whose character had been crushed under the iron rule of Mr. Winterfield, ceased to attempt the regulation of affairs, and the three girls became, in succession, the prey of dissolute fortune-hunters. The great house, the scene of Fanny's first splendor, was sold, with all its rich furniture, and she who had once exulted in being its mistress, was without a home. Now was the time for Henry Carr, the "enthusiast," who never was and never will be rich, to open his doors to his wife's sister, and make her an honored member of his family, with the mere chance of a pittance from her graceless daughters. He, who never had an expensive piece of furniture in his house, could afford to be generous, and his wife, whose dress was noted for its extreme simplicity, always found wherewithal to clothe some who were less fortunate than herself. Mrs. Lindley's family learned at last to accommodate their wishes to their havings, and the old lady herself confessed, that, of all her children, not one had been so unfortunate as she whom they all once called "Happy Fanny!" [Lady's Book.

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